

the NATIVE VOICE



at the grave of Pauline Johnson

Two native stones
placed side by side
No epitaph nor
formal guide
To tell the pilgrim
what they mean
But just one
sweet word, Pauline,
Which kindred spirits
daily shower
With sea shell, willow,
fern or flower,
While neighbor trees
and wooden rails
With carved initials
tell the tales
Of thousands whom your
songs have stirred.
Below, half hidden
and half heard,
The glad sea rolls
and ships ply keen;
While you are sleeping,
beloved Pauline.

—Gordon Stace Smith.

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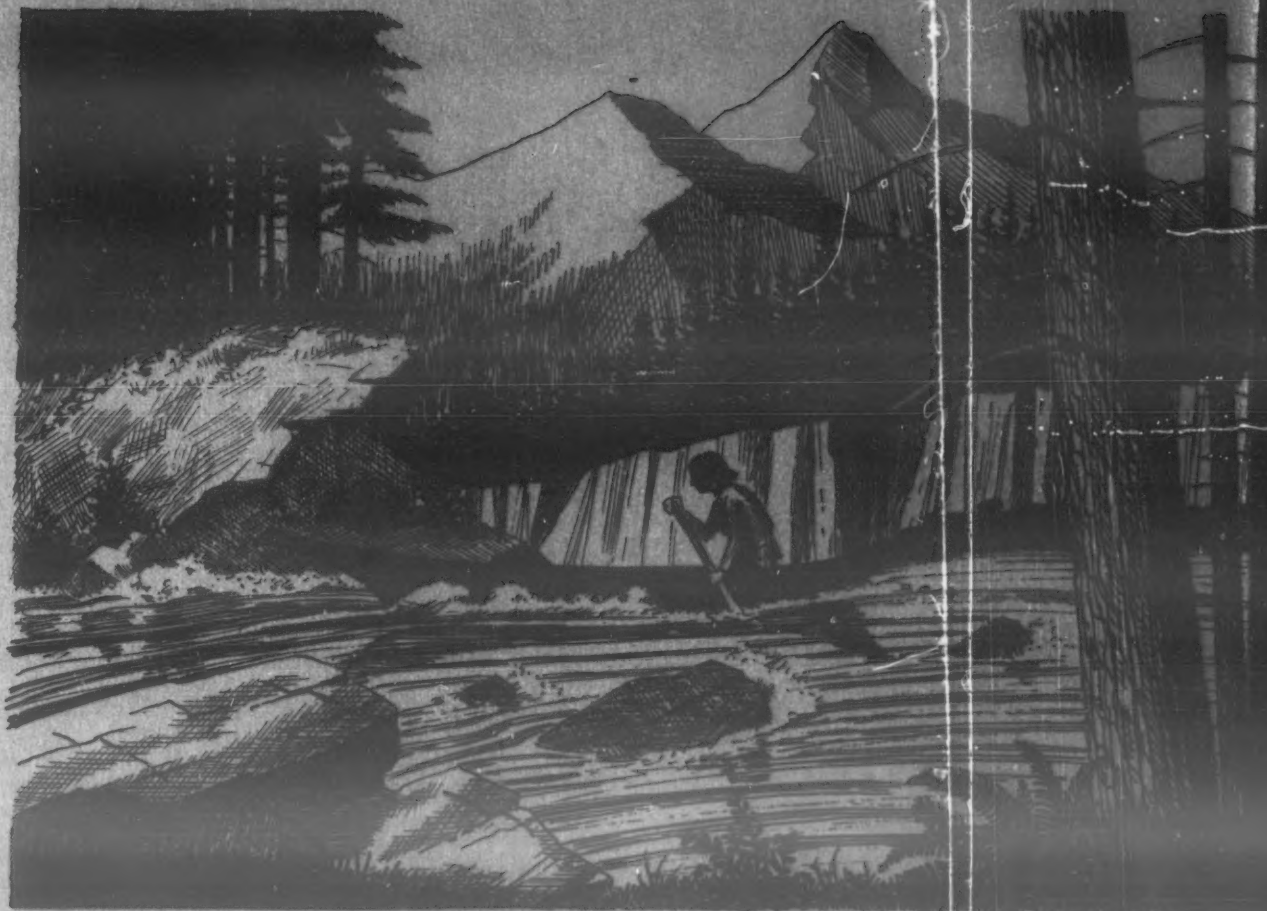
CIAL PAULINE JOHNSON CENTENARY EDITION



Deni Eagland photo courtesy The Vancouver Sun.

ceremonial drum victoriously as men remove structural steel and other building material following cancellation of lease to Deeks-McBride Ltd. by National Harbors Board. Firm had planned to build a cement plant on filled-in foreshore. BELOW: Just a few days before, workmen were drilling for foundation of new plant while protesting Natives lined up in front of twin-spired 75-year-old Catholic Church on North Vancouver Reserve No. 1, owned by Squamish Tribe.

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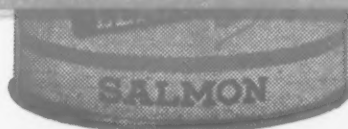
The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

—From "The Song My Paddle Sings"
by E. Pauline Johnson.

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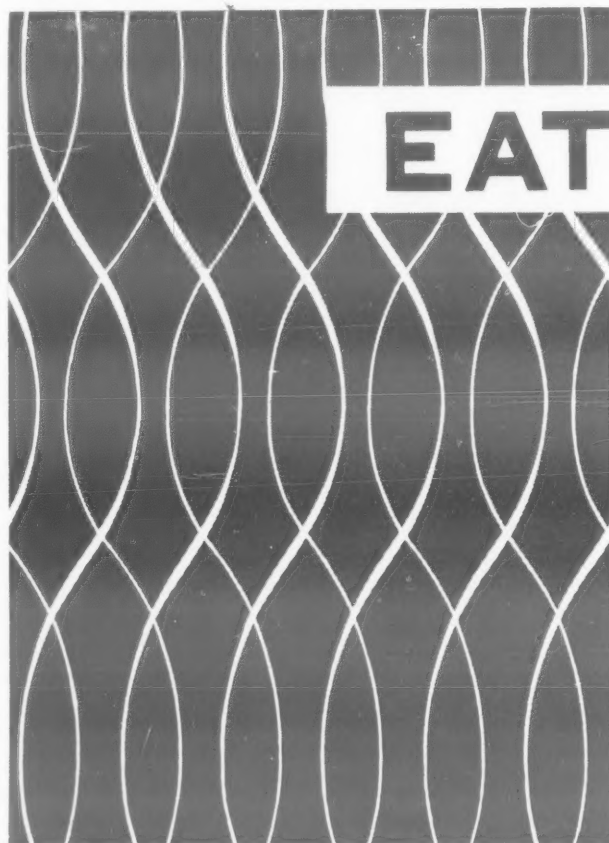
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- ... joins all British Columbia in extending a welcome to the SIX NATIONS pilgrimage.

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the NATIVE VOICE

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Singer of Sweet Songs

By THOMAS H. AINSWORTH

HER ashes rest as was her wish, enshrouded by the age-old trees, with the salt-chuck lapping the rocks below and the haunting cries of the sea-birds above. Here are the primordial elements for the inducing of dreams; here, the shadow-land of a race that gave her inspiration.

To discover the intimate facets of her living personality, there is the old City Museum, wherein her figure arrayed in fringed buckskin adorned with discs of silver, the beaded mocasins and the royal red blanket, draped like a toga, vividly recalls to her dwindling contemporaries the captivating reading of her verse.

Here, too, are the cherished personal mementos and the books she wrote and autographed for her friends, many of whom have passed from the scene, but who, before their exit, paid such sincere tributes to her warm comradeship and magnetic attraction.

Where the bards of old perpetuated the sagas in heroic verse, Pauline Johnson's genius is revealed in the lucid tales that stir the imagination by their sweet simplicity; a contrast in this age of frothy sophistication when puzzling jumbles become supposedly profound because, ironically, only the poseurs profess to understand them.

In her ubiquitous love of Nature, there was no room for pseudo-artistic pettiness or selfish conflict. The lines of Walter Savage Landor could have been as fitting to Pauline Johnson, with the grim knowledge of her ebbing days, as they were to him:

*I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
 Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art!
 I warmed both hands before the fires of life;
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.*

The pilgrimage of her kindred of the Six Nations to the Cairn in Stanley Park, and the many petitions to name the Little Theatre in her honor, signify the belated resurgence of her name from indifference and oblivion.



E. Pauline Johnson

OUR COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Pauline Johnson's monument is pictured on our cover as it was in the early 'twenties. It is located between Second and Third Beaches in Vancouver's celebrated Stanley Park.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

One of Pauline Johnson's Last Letters (First publication)	- - - - -	page 2
The Singer is Silent (Blanche E. Holt Murison)	- - - - -	page 4
Interviews from the North Shore	- - - - -	page 8
Oh! Indians, of All the Land, Hear My Cry! (Big White Owl)	- - - - -	page 11
A Stamp That Made History	- - - - -	page 13
Were Her Wishes Observed?	- - - - -	page 16
Her Ashes Lie Buried in Stanley Park (L. W. Makovski)	- - - - -	page 22
Struggle for Recognition (Marjorie Freeman Campbell)	- - - - -	page 26
An Author's Recollections (Nellie McClung)	- - - - -	page 29
A Lyricist of Love (Marcus Van Steen)	- - - - -	page 31
Restore Historic Chiefswood (Dr. R. Pilant)	- - - - -	page 33
A Tribute to Her Memory	- - - - -	page 37
Poems by Pauline Johnson	- - - - -	pages 10, 20, 23, 28, 35

One of Pauline Johnson's Last Letters

Pag

11

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Reproduced on this page, slightly reduced in size, is the full text of a letter written by Pauline Johnson to a friend, Mrs. Blanche E. Holt Murison, then living in Montreal, less than two months before the poetess' death. The "Pete" referred to is the late Peter MacKay, well known Vancouver court stenographer whose wife, Isobel Ecclestone MacKay, a close associate of the author, assisted in the selection of poems for publication during Miss Johnson's illness. Mrs. Cope is Mrs. Frederick Cope, a cherished friend mentioned with her husband and son in Pauline Johnson's will. The artist was expressing her appreciation to Mrs. Murison, now living in Vancouver, for her gift at Christmas, 1912, of a warm, colorful bed coat

Dear and Francis Lady,

Did you make it - myself?
I cannot tell you how deeply
I appreciate that dear little
coat - it is what I wanted
and needed above all else,
and I am taking as much
daily comfort from its sep-
aration. Twice I have been
lucky to go, and to have the
same foolish mishaps occur
to both - that is, that not
intending I had been a letter
I lay another on the
other side of the sheet. Each

2

a really stupid thing to do.
The poor old Saint - treated me
royally. Such loving letters -
kindly messages, beautiful gifts -
truly our lines in, and for
our friends at this season.
This is but a note, for I
was having overworked in
Christmas, for fine consecutive
nights - I worked inscribing books
until 2 a.m., and once until
4 a.m. I sleep now the
sight of a pen even yet. I
am paying for it too, not
having been a bit well for
the last two weeks, but I am
also getting paid for it - now

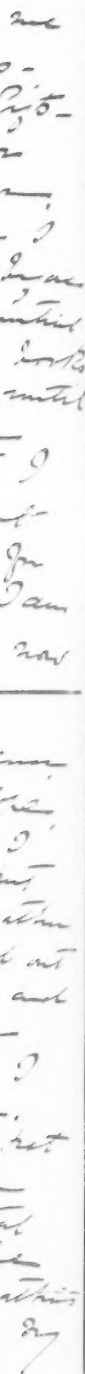
3

is really truly Cheques, which
have been to arrive for all
the books I sent forth.
Scott's dear old Pete typed
me a whole bundle of the
enclaved "errata" is he not a
darling, it saves me so much
trouble and annoyance.
Perhaps I shall write again
soon, I certainly shall - I
can get a little ahead in my
appalling list of unanswered
letters, dear little dear friend -
my many and loving thanks
for your dear gift, I used
it - Christmas afternoon -
I smuggled into the cutting
room - of it, and slept two

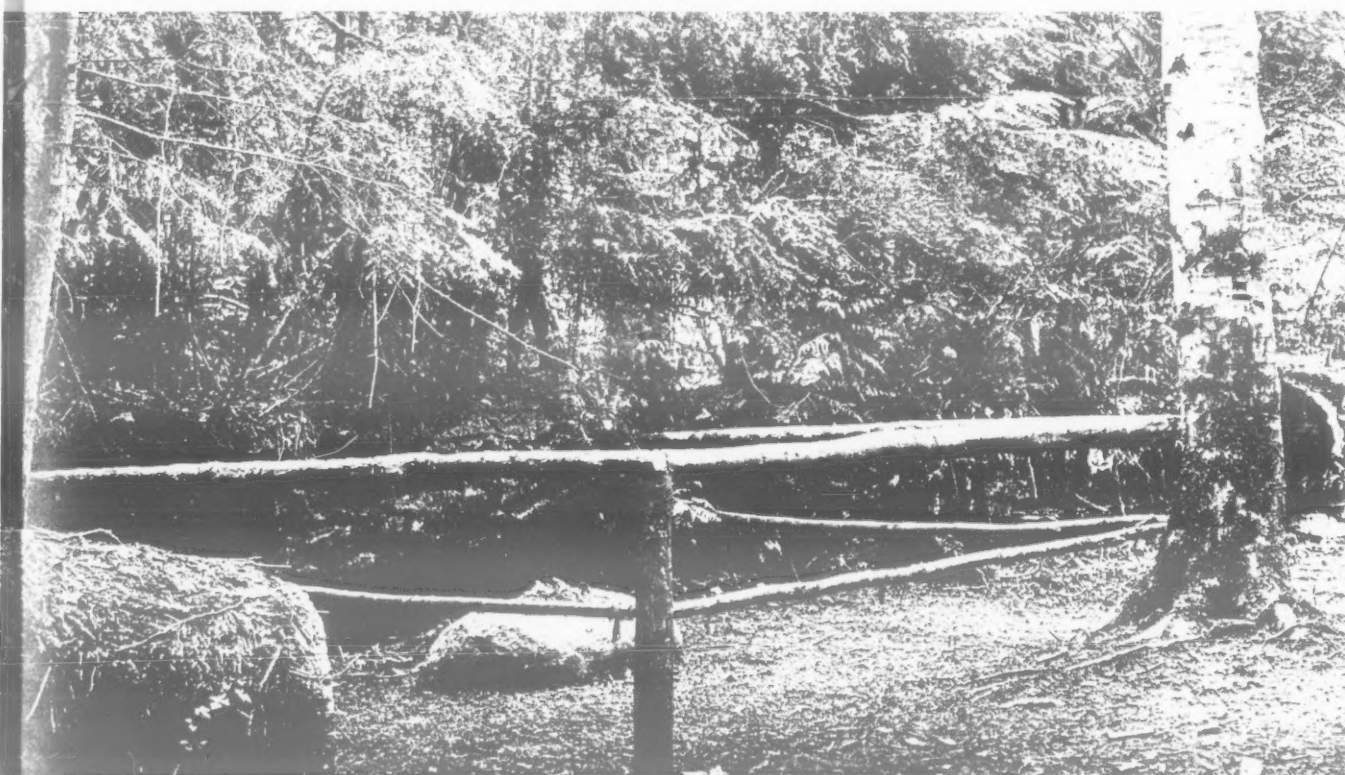
4

hours before dinner for dinner.
With I had with Mrs. Cope,
the dear Miss motor, and I
downed radiant robes, and
a touch of rouge to my
wearing face (I was tired out
with work and excitement) and
even I was whisked to a
jolly dinner with those I
love, and I had had me.
How did you guess my pet
colours? Ah! that is the
sweet intention, and mental
affinity that must ever be
between those whose sympathies
are alike. So it was - so my
friend. Loving yours
Pauline Johnson

Johnson
fore the
grapher
of poems
and men
iation to
ed coat



Chiefswood, birthplace of Pauline Johnson, was built by Chief George Henry Martin, her father, as a gift to his wife. Miss Johnson lived there for 25 years, the happiest of her life. Efforts are being made to have Chiefswood established as Canada's first Indian national cultural centre, (see Dr. R. Pilant's article on page 33)



This was Pauline Johnson's grave in Stanley Park for several years before the present monument was erected. It was marked only by the rough pole railing and boulder.

THE SINGER IS SILENT

. . . But Her Songs Remain

By Blanche E. Holt Murison

• Mrs. Murison was not only a friend and associate of Pauline Johnson but a student and admirer of her works. Her intimate knowledge of both subjects gives her a particular qualification for this study, prepared many years ago and presented before the Vancouver branch of the Women's Canadian Press Club.

IN the foundation of a national literature, a national poetry, in this country, a place of honor must always be retained for Pauline Johnson. She was not what the wise men call a "great" poet; but she was great in that selfless quality of her art which enfolded her message with the inarticulate, pathetic voice of a passing race.

When I came to Canada — many years ago now — I remember the first time I stood far out on the prairie, in the early dusk of a summer's evening. The silence seemed like a living thing you would hurt if you spoke. The emptiness — the immensity of space was physically and spiritually oppressive. The nearness of the hush was overwhelming. The rim of the world looked not so far distant, with never a sign of life or habitation in between.

Suddenly, some miles away, as though he had come out of nowhere, a solitary Indian on a wiry little cayuse rode into the empty picture. I could just catch a dim impression of scarlet and yellow and brown, as this singular straggler jogged on and on with never a look behind, until he became a mere speck in the splendor of the prairie sunset.

I have often thought of that lone Red Man in connection with the poetry of Pauline Johnson. She saw just what I saw — only in a larger, more intimate way.

With an intuitive intensity, her soul yearned over the pitiful passing pageant of her father's people. With passionate fervor, she dipped her pen deep down into the yesterdays of her pagan ancestry, and thence drew those racial and hereditary pictures she painted so vividly and so faithfully.

IT IS not difficult to trace the trend of the thought, the ties of blood and ancestry that met and merged in the passionate phraseology of the following verses, from the poem called *The Happy Hunting Grounds*.

*Surely the great Hereafter cannot be more than this,
Surely we'll see that country after Time's farewell kiss,
Who would his lovely faith condole?
Who envies not the Red-skin's soul,
Sailing into the cloud land, sailing into the sun,
Into the crimson portals ajar when life is done?
O, dear dead race, my spirit too
Would fain sail westward unto you.*

Her father was, to Pauline Johnson, her idol and her ideal. In the author's note prefacing the story *My Mother* — she speaks of him as "my beloved father, whose feet have long since wandered to the Happy Hunting Grounds of my dear Red ancestors."

Tekahionwake — as she loved to sign herself — was the youngest of four children born to the late G. H. M. Johnson, Chief of the Six Nations Indians, and his English wife, Emily S. Howells. Her father was a Mohawk Indian of the "Blood Royal." He was a direct descendant of one of the five great chiefs whose tribes composed the historical confederation founded by Hiawatha upwards of four hundred years ago.

At that period, this confederation was known as the Brotherhood of Five Nations; and included the Mohawks, On-

das, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. Some time later they were joined by a related tribe — the Tuscaroras — and from then on were called the Six Nations; afterwards named the Iroquois by the early French missionaries and explorers.

HER grandfather, who attained special glory for his valorous deeds while fighting alongside his British Allies, was known in times of peace as the "Mohawk Warbler" — an account of his command of language, which he used with a passionate and dramatic eloquence. There is a little anecdote about him which is not without interest.

I have heard Pauline Johnson speak of this old grandfather of hers as a very gentle old man, with much love for his little children. Yet she would tell a story of how, when he was a mere lad of seventeen, he led his own brigade of Indians to Queenston Heights; and once, when she as a child enquired, "Grandfather, did you kill anyone there?" he regretfully replied with a reminiscent shake of the head, "I'm afraid I only killed seven, and all Virginians."

This old Indian Chief was very fond of telling the children of a great-uncle of his who had died the "warrior's death" when taken captive by the Hurons. This story Miss Johnson has woven artistically but tragically into her poem, *As the Men Die*.

(Continued on Page 5)



—The Moccasin Man

JOHN SMOKE JOHNSON

Grandfather of Pauline Johnson was nicknamed "The Mohawk Warbler" because of his powerful oratory. He was decorated by the British for his part in the War of 1812.

The Singer is Silent

(Continued from Page 4)

It was the custom among certain tribes, that when a new chief was to be undertaken, the captives among them were given a choice of two alternatives. They might either be left at home with the women and old men — which was eternal disgrace — or they might "walk the coals" — and so die as a warrior, gloriously and triumphantly.

For this pagan ceremony, a great forest fir was felled and its whole length reduced to red hot coals. Then, singing his battle-song and flinging defiance at his captors, the warrior walked back and forth until he reached the limit of his endurance, and fell back among the red embers that had spanned for him the distance between his implacable foes, and the Happy Hunting Grounds of his forefathers.



Pauline Johnson's Favorite Photograph

FROM such primitive and purely racial customs as this, Miss Johnson drew much of the inspiration for her purely Indian poems. As Charles Mair has written in an appreciation of her work, "Begot of her knowledge of the long-suffering of her race, of iniquities in the past and present, they poured red-hot from her inmost heart."

The mother of Pauline Johnson was Emily S. Howells, a lady of pure English parentage, and a member of a family which possesses distinct literary tendencies and habits. William Dean Howells, the American novelist, poet and essayist, is perhaps the best known.

How the gentle English girl came to marry a full-blooded Mohawk chief is a story overflowing with that intrinsically human quality which grips the imagination, and paints unforgettable pictures. This story is simply and unaffectedly told in the opening chapters of *The Moccasin Maker*.

Pauline Johnson was a poet even as a child. The inherent love of rhythmical language, and the music of words were hers by instinct. As an instance of this early love of poetry, the story is told of how, when she was only a tiny tot of four, a friend of her father's who was going to a distant city, asked what gift he should bring her, and she replied, "Verses please."

She was an omnivorous reader, and before the age of twelve was familiar with Shakespeare, Byron, Longfellow, and Scott; besides such books as Addison's *Spectator*, Foster's *Essays*, and the writings of Owen Meredith. She had also written a number of fairly creditable verses.

Her education was of a very limited order, but her fine intelligence, and her vigorous intuitive grasp of essentials, made up in the larger sense for many of the advantages she missed.

Her earlier poems were published by the late Professor Goldwin Smith in *The Week*. He was among the first to appreciate her unique talent. She made her first appearance as a dramatic reader in 1892, at Toronto.

There are many in Canada today who remember her best arrayed in her beloved buckskin suit with its bright scarlet cloak, its wonderful and intricate decorations, its wampum ermine, the necklace of bear's claws, and the eagle's plume in the dark hair — the full regalia of a Mohawk Princess.

Full of a smouldering warmth, and an almost primitive passion, her deep rich voice, and simple dignified gestures, never failed to stir the hearts of her hearers, as she recited in her own inimitable way the poems she herself had written.

Many of these poems are imbued with strong racial characteristics and are notable for their virility of expression and the atmosphere of imagery and romance they never fail to radiate.

IN THE year 1894 she spent her first season in London, and it was during this visit her book of poems, *The White Wampum* was published by John Lane of the Bodley Head. Then followed fifteen or sixteen years in which this gifted woman lived a life crowded with interest.

Besides proving a great social success, her genius and glowing patriotism, added to her warm-hearted personality, made her many friends in the interesting world of art and literature.

In 1907, she again went to the Old Country, returning by way of the United States. Everywhere she gave recitals which were enthusiastically received, and brought her much distinguished recognition.

It was on one of her trips to London that she first met the late Chief Joe Capilano (who was then making his memorable visit to the heart of the Empire) and accosting him in the Chinook tongue, won his life-long friendship.

During this period she also toured Canada from coast to coast, appearing with great success in all the principal cities.

The last years of her life were passed here in Vancouver, whither she had come in the hope that the warm breezes of our sunset slopes would restore in a measure the splendid strength and vitality which seemed to have deserted her.

Owing to her open-handed, generous nature and the inroads made on her resources by illness, she found herself in

(Continued on Page 38)

Across the Waters Of Burrard Inlet

ONLY her greying hair hints of it, but even then, the widow of Andy Paull doesn't look her 64 years. This modest, cultured woman lives with her married daughter on Squamish Indian Reserve No. 1, right beside the church that dominates the village.



Mrs. Andy Paull of North Vancouver pictured with her husband on the Squamish Reserve No. 1 a good many years ago.

Her house, facing south, overlooks the Pacific Great Eastern Railway and the industrial area of the north shore of Burrard Inlet with wharves and mills.

"All that to the low water mark was Indian land which was taken away from us," she said quietly but with feeling as she pointed out the reservation borders.

She doesn't remember Pauline Johnson, because she was only a young girl then, but she does remember the belt that Pauline wore which she said was covered with coins.

To speak to her is to immediately realize the great source of strength she was to her husband whose memory she reveres.

In the poetry of E. Pauline Johnson — Tekabionwake — there sings the beauty of the prairie in "The Happy Hunting Grounds"; the loveliness of Cypress Hills in "The Quill Worker"; and the mystery of southern Saskatchewan's "lovely lakes" in "The Legend of Qu'Appelle Valley."

The pride of her Canadian Indian heritage, explicit in her poetry and prose, has been admired by thousands of Saskatchewan's Indian and non-Indian pupils in prairie classrooms. Her flowing verses have inspired the same readers with a love of their province and its history.

The birthplace of this most famous Indian poetess is saluted by the Government of Saskatchewan and the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians, the voice of Saskatchewan's Indian peoples. Through working together, the Saskatchewan Government and the Federation have wrought many changes in the status of the province's Indian and Metis population . . . they will continue to work together for the improvements in civil rights, education, employment and opportunity due the first dwellers of the plains.



Mrs. Teresa Paull, left, mother of the late Andy Paull, and Mrs. Agnes Lukit Joe, mother of Andy Paull's widow at home on the Reserve in North Vancouver.

THE NATIVE VOICE interviewed two Native women whose lives stretch well back into the nineteenth century and while both of them remember Pauline Johnson vaguely, neither knew her well.

Mrs. Agnes Lukit Joe, truly a young woman at 86 years is big and warm hearted with an easy smile and a generous laugh. Mrs. Agnes Joe lives with her memories on Squamish Mission Reserve No. 1 in North Vancouver. Married at 14, she has four children living (one of whom is the 64-year-old widow of Andy Paull), and some 80 great grandchildren.

Her husband, dead almost 50 years, was a skilled carpenter whose workmanship was sought in the building of many churches. Agnes never met Pauline Johnson but she remembers her husband playing in the Squamish band at Pauline's funeral.

Agnes recalls the many canoe trips she made as a little girl to Richmond, where her mother worked in a cannery. After she passed Siwash Rock, it was her mother's custom to call out "I will give you my daughter for your wife; don't bring the wind."

Andy Paull's mother, also about 86 years of age, small and active with alert bright eyes, lives with her granddaughter on Squamish Reserve No. 1.

Her father was the widely known \$100 Charlie who worked at the old Hastings Mill. He was so called because he always carried \$100 in change with him.

She knows of Pauline Johnson but never met her personally. She is very proud of her son Andy, of his education and the work he carried on for his people.

He Remembers Pauline

CHIEF JOE MATHIAS is the son of the famous Indian Chief Joe Capilano, close friend and confidant of Pauline Johnson and a source of her *Legends of Vancouver*.

Chief Mathias remembers Pauline well. "Pauline came to our home often," he said and added fondly, "she taught me how to make my first public speech. That was when I was 23 or 24." He said he was a pall-bearer at Pauline Johnson's funeral.

Born in 1887 (about a year after the big fire, in the words of his mother), Chief Mathias at 74 is still strong and hearty.

Fisherman, logger, and longshoreman, and for the past 30 years a carver of totem poles, he still actively plies his trade at his home on the Capilano Reserve, under the shadow of Lions Gate Bridge and just across Burrard Inlet from Prospect Point.

"I've got three dogs, part Husky, to keep the snooping white man away," he said with a twinkle in his eye.



CHIEF JOE MATHIAS

Pictured here in adopted European dress, Chief Joe Mathias is still at 74 an active totem carver. He remembers Pauline Johnson very well.



"We are the pulse of Canada,
its marrow and its blood."
(From "Canadian Born")

In these stirring words Pauline Johnson, world famous poetess, has touched upon a truth which stands for all time. The contribution which the Native Indians have made to the cultural and intellectual development of Canada has been significant and of the utmost importance. Pauline Johnson's poetry sounded as a clarion call to Indians to take their rightful place with other citizens of Canada, and her words are bearing fruit today.

In British Columbia the door is open wide for full integration in education, employment and other fields of endeavour. A greater number of native citizens are attending integrated schools, as well as the university, than in any other province in Canada. Recently, Alfred Scow, a member of the Gilford Island band, became the first Native Indian to graduate in law at the University of British Columbia. This is an historic event and will act as an inspiration to other Indians. In truth, we are living in a day when substance and meaning are being given to the words and spirit of Pauline Johnson.

It is fitting, therefore, that Indians from many parts of Canada should meet in Vancouver, her home for so many years, to commemorate the centenary of her birth and to mark a time when Indians are adding in increasing measure to the pulse-beat of Canada, its marrow and its blood.

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The Hon. W. A. C. Bennett has described as one of British Columbia's accomplishments "the perpetuation of the unique Indian culture that is so much a part of our history." He has commended the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia "on your preservation of the rich Indian heritage which you . . . hold in trust."



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New edition of Pauline Johnson's *Legends of Vancouver* has been issued by McClelland and Stewart.

The legends told to Pauline by Chief Joe Capilano are of course unchanged but their attraction is perpetual. They are simple but beautiful tales.

A valuable feature of the new edition is the introduction by Marcus Van Steen which gives new glimpses into the life of Pauline Johnson.

Cover is by Bob Reid of Vancouver and illustrations are by Ben Lim.

Legends of Vancouver are available at \$2.50 cloth and \$1.50 paper.



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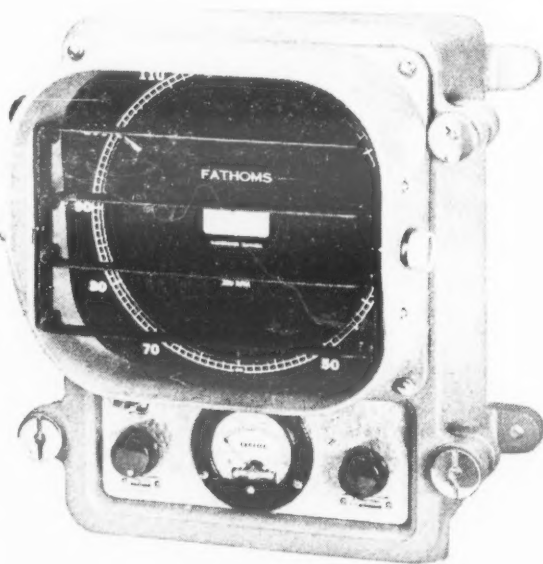
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The Cattle Thief

(An Excerpt)

By PAULINE JOHNSON

*You have stolen my father's spirit, but his body I only claim.
You have killed him, but you shall not dare to touch him
now he's dead.*

*You have cursed, and called him a Cattle Thief, though you
robbed him first of bread—*

*Robbed him and robbed my people — look there, at that
shrunken face,*

Starved with a hollow hunger, we owe to you and your race

What have you left to us of land, what have you left of game?

What have you brought but evil, and curses since you came?

How have you paid us for your game? how paid us for our land?

*By a book, to save our souls from the sins you brought in
your other hand,*

Go back with your new religion, we never have understood

Your robbing an Indian's body, and mocking his soul with food

Go back with your new religion, and find—if find you can—

The honest man you have ever made from out a starving man

You say your cattle are not ours, your meat is not our meat;

*When you pay for the land you live in, we'll pay for the
meat we eat.*

Give back our land and our country, give back our herds of game

*Give back the furs and the forests that were ours before you
came;*

*Give back the peace and the plenty. Then come with your new
belief.*

And blame, if you dare, the hunger that drove him to be a thief

THE B.C. INDIAN ARTS & WELFARE SOCIETY

... congratulates The Native Voice on its Special Edition commemorating the birth of Pauline Johnson and welcomes the members of the party of Six Nations Indians who are joining with Vancouver and Victoria in honouring her memory.

For information about the

B.C. INDIAN ARTS AND WELFARE SOCIETY

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Oh, Indians of All the Land — Hear My Cry!

THERE are many distinctions which I could claim for my people, but I am satisfied with just this one: The story of America Started With Us. Ours is a legacy of majesty and beauty. We belong to this continent just as the mountains and hills, the buffalo and beaver, the rivers and lakes, the swan and eagle — belong here!

Our bodies were formed from the dust of our forefathers' bones. But we are now a crippled and broken people. We have been shorn of our pride and our culture. We are gradually losing our Indian identity. We are being slowly assimilated by an alien race. Today, at our very best, we are but poor semblances of our early ancestors. Truly, we have lost almost everything.

Back in the days when the North American Indian ruled supreme — when he was master and keeper over all upon this wonderful new world — he was, indeed, a happy, and care-free man. To him, the world and the universe as he knew it, was his library. And his books were the stones, rocks, brooks, rivers, lakes, trees, flowers, herbs, sun, moon and stars.

From these many things he formed his material culture; from these many things he received the beautiful inspirations to compose his songs and ceremonies. The fishes in the laughing waters, the animals in the living forests, the birds of the air, taught him how to be brave and courageous and true.

Today, all of this kind of freedom and happy life is gone, and the camp-fire of the North American Indian is burning

very low. We must rekindle that campfire! We must never let it die out completely. In your minds you are asking me, WHY? Because, dear brothers and friends, when my people have forgotten the music to which our forefathers danced and sang; when the rhythmic drone of the deer-hide drum has died; when rock and roll and crazy jazz have drowned out the sweet melodies of the chant and flute — then they will indeed become a forgotten people.

WHEN the great deeds of our sachems, warchiefs, seers, prophets and warriors, are no longer recited to our little ones; when the Indian mother no longer cuddles her baby gently to her breasts — then the "Pale Ones" will have completed their stranglehold, and we will no longer be worthy of the name: North American Indian.

When we have forgotten how to grow white corn, beans, squashes, potatoes, tomatoes, pumpkins and tobacco; when we have forsaken the annual Love Feast — then our bodies will die and our souls will be forever lost.

When my people have forgotten their beautiful arts and crafts, their totems, picture writing and sign language — then they deserve to be called a lazy people.

When we are no longer able to converse with the animals, trees, flowers and herbs — then we will indeed become a stagnant and sickly race of people, and the wonderful undertakings and accomplishments of our ancestors will mean little or nothing to us.

When we have completely forsaken our native tongue for a foreign language; when we have bartered away all of our beloved lands; when we no longer believe in our "Kitche Manitou" (Great Spirit) — we will become a shameful and ignoble race.

WHEN my people refuse to assist in advancing a nobler brotherhood, and better understanding between themselves and other races — they lack foresight and vision. Yea, they deserve to be rebuked.

When my people will look with disdain upon the gorgeous eagle plumed bonnet; when they will no longer wear the fringed buckskin and the beautifully beaded moccasins for ceremonial dress — then they are as traitors and saboteurs, who would dishonor their country and their race.

When my people have lost all of their respect for the Holy Pipe of Peace; when they have forgotten how to soothe the troubled heart and mind with the purifying incense of sacred

By
Big White Owl

EASTERN
ASSOCIATE
EDITOR



Ontario Government Photo

MONUMENT TO MOHAWK CHIEF

Memorial to Capt. Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea) in Victoria Park in Brantford, Ontario. This famed Mohawk chief of the Six Nations Confederacy fought with the British in the American Revolution. He forded the Grand River in 1784 to establish Mohawk Village and in so doing gave the city of Brantford, Ontario, its name.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
B.C. HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Burnaby Branch

(Continued on Page 18)



Pauline Johnson lies at rest in the room of the Bute Street Private Hospital in which she died. The top-most wreath, shaped as a crowned heart, is a Moba:vk symbolic design as on the silver brooch worn by Pauline with her buckskin ceremonial dress.

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Were Her Wishes Observed?

... *I prefer to be remembered in the hearts of my people and my public.*"

PAULINE JOHNSON'S will, dated nine days before her death in Vancouver on March 7, 1913, is a strange document, in many ways characteristic of the woman who was its author.

She wanted her close relatives, a brother and sister, to wear no mourning nor to use "mourning stationery or notepaper," because "I have always disliked such display of personal feelings."

Miss Johnson knew death was near as she penned her last words which gave in minute detail the disposition she desired even her most insignificant possessions, all of them personally cherished.

Her comb was one of three toilet pieces bequeathed to Mrs. Nellie McClung of Winnipeg, author of *Sowing Seeds in the Snow*, and her "tooth brush handle," one of three smaller items left to "Mrs. P. J. MacKay of Vancouver, one of my ex-tutors."

Terms of the will were apparently executed in faithful observance of Miss Johnson's wishes, with the possible exception of the erection of a "tombstone or monument" but her reference to this subject is in a family context. Moreover, the ruggedly simple cairn is in keeping with her love of natural surroundings.

The Vancouver Museum, as she directed, counts among its most prized possessions Pauline Johnson's "Indian costume intact" which now clothes a life-size, glass-encased model of the colorful poetess. Many of her other small effects are also there.

Pauline Johnson's final testament lay in the files of her lawyers, Tupper, Kitto and Wightman, for many years after its execution.

In 1956, however, it was brought to the attention of Mr. Russell Grant, manager of the Pauline Johnson Candy Shops in Vancouver by the law firm of Bull, Housser, Tupper, Ray, Guy, and Merritt, successors of the original group.

In her will, Pauline Johnson wrote:

"I particularly desire that neither my sister nor my brother wear black nor what is termed 'mourning' for me, as I have always disliked such display of personal feelings.

"I desire that no mourning notepaper or stationery be used by them, and that no tombstone or monument be raised in my memory, as I prefer to be remembered in the hearts of my people and my public."

SHE was specific regarding disposition of her body:

"I hereby direct my trustees and request them and the officers of the Pauline Johnson Trust Fund to see that my body is not taken east after my death, but that the same is cremated either in the City of Vancouver or in the City of Seattle or the nearest possible point, and my ashes disposed of as near to the Pacific Coast as possible.

"When dead, I desire to be dressed in my grey cloth evening cloak, with my small gold shield-shaped locket (containing the photograph of a young boy) fastened round my neck by my small gold chain. Also I desire to wear my gold ring of the design of two serpents and to have my silver and ebony crucifix placed in my hand."

The City Museum received many items:

"I bequeath to the Museum of the City of Vancouver my Indian costume intact, and comprising the scalps, silver brooches and all other decorations, and including the skirt and bodice, moccasins, bear claw necklace, eagle crest, and the pair of bead and tooth bracelets given to me by Ernest Thompson



Seton, also the scarlet broadcloth 'blanket' used in the ceremony of making His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, chief of the Six Nation Indians, also the single 'baby' moccasin worn by my late father, also the wooden ladle left me by my Indian grandmother, also my 'Ojistoh' dagger which is the steel dagger with deerhorn handle which belonged to my father, also the personally autographed letters written me by Paul Bluett (Max O'Rell), Sir Frederick Leighton, John Greenleaf Whittier, and the Duke of Argyll.

"I BEQUEATH to my brother Allan W. Johnson my Cariboo gold nugget which I desire him to wear on his watch chain, my beaded buckskin 'fire bag,' my silk embroidered buckskin mitts and Indian ceremonial stones which will be found in a package marked with his name, also my walrus

(Continued on Page 14)

Her Last Wishes

(Continued from Page 13)

bladder tobacco pouch, and two Squamish Indian cedar root caskets:

"I bequeath to Mrs. Frederick Cope, wife of Frederick Cope, electrician, of the City of Vancouver, my cut glass decanter and cut glass sherry glasses, also the first gift she gave me of a Russian leather case containing scissors, also my gold brooch set with pearls given me by Lady Blake, wife of the Governor of Jamaica, also my large Wedgwood jug in the design of dancing girls:

"I bequeath to Bert Cope, son of the said Mrs. Frederick Cope, my Mission oak table at which I have written my entire book, the *Legends of Vancouver*, and my Mission oak chair, also my framed picture called *The Moose Call*, also my solid silver salt spoons which were my mother's, and my hanging bowl of Damascus brass:

"I bequeath to Frank Cope, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cope above mentioned, my silver-mounted dear-horn handle set of carvers.

"I bequeath to Dr. T. R. B. Nelles, who has attended me with extreme kindness and skill through a long period of suffering and to whose friendship I owe whatever bravery I have been able to command, my green china dessert set consisting of six plates, two salad dishes, and one large centre dish, my 'Onondaga' turtle-shell medicine rattle, my reindeer pelt, and one porcupine quill mat with my mother's writing on the back.

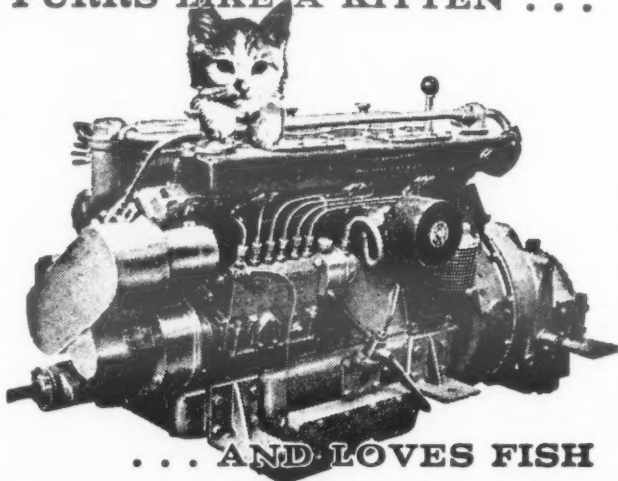
I BEQUEATH to 'my beloved' Eileen Maguire of Vancouver, who is dear to me, all the plates, cups and saucers belonging to the tea set of my green china, my small Wedgwood jug, the turquoise ring presented to me by the City of

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to the Six Nations Indians and the Native Brotherhood

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Pauline Johnson

Pauline Johnson's Signatures in Both Her Native Languages

Pauline Johnson

Brantford, my ring containing five whole pearls, my Crow Derby cup and saucer, beaded Indian 'couee' stick decorated with a tassel of bear-claws, one porcupine quill mat with my mother's writing on the back, my silver sugar-tongs, cut-glass vinegar cruet, and my pair of silk embroidered buckskin gloves, my New Brunswick souvenir sugar basin and cream jug, all sterling silver coffee spoons, and my single Limoges plate:

"I bequeath to my fellow artist and dear comrade of many years, Walter McRae, the following books, namely:

Poetical Works of Byron

Works of Whittier

Works of Adelaide Procter

Works of Owen Meredith

The manuscript of Charles G. D. Roberts' book *Songs of the Common Day*.

also the autographed copy of Sir Gilbert Parker of *Donath Pasha*, also the photographs of and autographed by respective Sir Gilbert Parker, Ernest Thompson Seton, James Whitcomb Riley, Sir Charles Tupper, and Dr. Drummond . . . also the faded half of my birch bark portfolio worked in moosehide which was a wedding gift to my mother from the Laredo Indians, also my Cantonese cup and saucer, egg cup and bowl, the silver medal with the profile of Queen Victoria, with British coat-of-arms on the reverse side and engraved crest of Prince of Wales, and dated 1860, also my tall brass candlestick which

(Continued on Page 15)

Best Wishes on This Historic Occasion!

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A GREAT CONTRIBUTION

The late Mr. and Mrs. Edward and Mary Lipsett, through fifty years of dedicated effort, were instrumental in assembling an impressive collection of Indian arts and crafts. Displayed in the British Columbia Building at the Pacific National Exhibition grounds in Vancouver, it is known the world over as the Edward and Mary Lipsett Indian Museum. Hundreds of thousands of visitors have over the years registered their appreciation of this notable gift to the cultural life of Canada by these outstanding Canadians.

Lipsett Indian Museum

*The patterned patience of the centuries,
The warp and woof of bark and rush and reed —
The art of carven wood and woven bead,
Here dramatise ancestral effigies.
Totems of immemorial heraldries
Attest the ritual of tribal creed —
Tootooch and Quil-tum-tum of mythic breed,
Tell tales of peace and war and pedigrees.*

*Splendid perfection — 'broidered caribou,
Mastodon ivory — a warrior's spear —
The fighting prow of an old war canoe —
A chieftain's brave regalia — and here
Touched tenderly with transcendental grace,
The portrait of a Mother of her Race.*

—Blanche E. Holt Murison

LANGLEY

THE FIRST CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Welcomes Canada's
Six Nations Indians

to the Province on the Pacific
on the occasion of the celebration of the

Pauline Johnson Centenary

Her Last Wishes

(Continued from Page 14)

was my mother's, and any monies that may come to me from my books which he has been instrumental in selling.

"I BEQUEATH to Bertha Browning, the wife of John Browning of 41 Palmerston Ave., Brantford, Ontario . . . the set of three oxidized silver waist buttons in the design of Indian heads, the express charges from Vancouver to Brantford on package containing all the above to be prepaid out of whatever balance remains in the bank to my credit.

"I bequeath to Mrs. J. J. Banfield, wife of John J. Banfield of the City of Vancouver, the unfaded side of my birch bark portfolio which is worked in moosehair, and was a wedding gift to my mother from the Larette Indians:

"I also bequeath to the said Walter McRaye my silver seal, set with an amethyst; my silver tablets, which will be found on a long silver chain; my cut-glass silver mounted vinaigrette with the square shaped end (the one with the bit of blue silk tied to it); my old Haida Indian silver bracelet (the one that clasps); and my picture (framed) of the Duke of Connaught autographed by His Royal Highness the Duke and dated by him 'Vancouver, September 20th, 1912.'

"I bequeath to Mrs. P. J. MacKay of Vancouver, one of my executors, three of my smallest toilet pieces, videlicet: my shoe-horn, my nailfile and my tooth brush handle.

"I bequeath to Mrs. Nellie McClung of Winnipeg, author of *Sowing Seeds in Danny*, three toilet pieces mounted in sterling silver, videlicet: clothes brush engraved in my name, my hat brush and my comb. I wish to have her written to by either one of my executors and told how much I valued her loyal friendship, and that I wish her to keep these little things and prize them just because they were mine."

GREETINGS FROM THE
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A STAMP THAT MADE HISTORY

March 10, 1961, has earned a place of importance in Canadian history; it was on that date that a Canadian five-cent stamp was issued to mark the centenary of Emily Pauline Johnson's birth.

This was no ordinary occurrence since it marked the first occasion on which Canada has honored a Native Indian in this manner.

And it did not come easily, as one of the prime movers in the campaign to win recognition for Miss Johnson can testify.

Big White Owl (Jasper Hill), Eastern Associate Editor of THE NATIVE VOICE, and himself a Six Nations Indian, made a powerful plea for the recognition he asserted was due this Mohawk Princess.

A full year ago, at the ninth annual banquet of the Toronto Indian Club, Big White Owl won unanimous backing from the 200 persons present for a resolution which called for a memorial stamp to be issued.

Addressed to the Postmaster General, the resolution stated that, "Be it known by those present, at the Toronto Indian Club's ninth annual banquet, we heartily recommend that the Government of Canada issue a centennial postage stamp . . . honoring Canada's great Indian poetess, E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake)."

Support for the project grew in spite of some controversy over the exact date of Pauline Johnson's birth, which has been officially established as March 10, 1861. She was, wrote R. J. Stallwood, superintendent of the Six Nations Agency, "a member of the Lower Mohawk Indian Tribe No. 100 of the Six Nations Indians in Canada."

HER STAMP



• The stamp is printed in brown and green. It measures 1 3/16 ins. on the vertical side and one inch on the horizontal. In the foreground is shown the profile of the poetess wearing the high ruffled collar of the Victorian era, superimposed on a background of snow-capped mountains. In the middle distance, a full length likeness of Miss Johnson in tribal costume is shown, the two portraits depicting her two personalities. In the lower left, the year of her birth, 1861, appears on the pages of an open book representing her contribution to Canadian literature. The inscription "Postes Canada Postage" appears above a large "5c" in the upper right corner, while at the lower edge, the stamp is identified by the name "E. Pauline Johnson."

The campaign continued under leadership of the Toronto Indian Club, Big White Owl, THE NATIVE VOICE and other groups and individuals interested in winning the recognition due this noted native artist.

Finally, late in January, 1961, the doubts and uncertainties were cleared away by an announcement from the Hon. Wm. Hamilton, Postmaster General, that a five cent stamp would be issued March 10, 1961, the centenary of Pauline Johnson's birth.

The stamp was issued, Mr. Hamilton said, "to honor Canadians of the Indian race."

Noting the great strides and contributions to Canada made by Native Indians, Mr. Hamilton continued: "A nation often slow to realize the greatness of one of its people because many Canadians feel that the poetry of Pauline Johnson contains the germ of immortality. In her — Indian Princess and Victorian lady — the spirit of two great races met, for she loved them both, and through her writings produced in Canadians an increasing consciousness of nationality, both in character and unity."

The stamp, designed by B. J. Reddie, was issued in 3 million copies, in panes of one hundred.

Canadian stamp expert and CBC Stamp Club President, Douglas Patrick, has noted that "This is the third Canadian postage stamp depicting a woman other than a member of the Royal family; the Saskatchewan-Alberta commemorative of 1955 depicted a pioneer woman with her husband. Then in 1958 when a beautiful young model represented a nurse, members of the nurses' profession complained that this girl was not a nurse. The Country Women of the World stamp of 1959 is not included since it does not portray the individual likeness of a woman—merely a symbolic design of women."

"The new stamp is bound to attract the attention of topic collectors of authors and poets or others who select stamps showing native costumes, and still others looking for stamps displaying mountains. The Rockies in the distance on this new stamp suggest British Columbia where Miss Johnson spent so much of her adult life."

"Most Canadians will welcome a new departure in this postage stamp to honor a person for her cultural influence. Canada may provide a great service by launching a new series of stamps to portray the famous teachers, authors, inventors and professional men and women of worldwide fame. Other countries, such as Austria, Germany and the United States have issued such postage stamps. Issues with these topics would tell the world about the people," Patrick observed.

BEST WISHES

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CANADA'S SIX NATIONS INDIANS
IN THEIR SPECIAL CEREMONIES
commemorating the
CENTENARY OF PAULINE JOHNSON'S BIRTH

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BEST WISHES

to the

SIX NATIONS INDIANS on the
PAULINE JOHNSON CENTENARY

•

THE CORPORATION OF THE
DISTRICT OF CENTRAL SAANICH

VANCOUVER ISLAND

Her Monument

(OUR COVER PHOTO)

This excerpt from The Pauline Johnson Monument was taken from By Shore and Trail in Stanley Park, written by Robert Allison Hood and published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, in 1929.

★ ★ ★ ★

PERHAPS the strain of the hardships Miss Johnson endured in a pioneer country was too much for a constitution that was not rugged. Shortly after she made Vancouver her home her health broke down, and she died, after about a year of illness, on the seventh of March, 1913.

In response to her own request, her body was cremated and the urn containing her ashes was buried within sight and sound of Siwash Rock.

Walter McRae, who had been her manager, read aloud her poem, *The Happy Hunting Grounds*, on that occasion. The monument which marks the spot bears the inscription, "Erected in 1922, by the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver, B.C. E. Pauline Johnson, 1861-1913." It takes the form of a cairn of great boulders.

On the face of the largest of these, on the top, a bust and profile of the poetess has been carved, with, beneath it, her Indian name, Tekahionwake; on the north side the sculptor has shown a flint and arrow crossed, and on the south side there is an Indian canoe pushing its nose out of the rock. Water courses down the face of the monument to a trough hollowed out of the stone at the base.

In life Pauline Johnson, though poor in worldly goods, was rich in friendships. Warm-hearted, generous and splendidly loyal to her father's people, she possessed the best qualities of the two races from which she sprung.

Her friend, Theodore Watts Dunton, the great English critic, who had helped much in securing recognition for her work, says that "gratitude indeed was with her not a sentiment merely, as with most of us, but a veritable passion . . . On this account," he continues, "Pauline Johnson will always figure in my memory as one of the noblest minded of the human race."

Another distinguished friend, Sir Gilbert Parker, has described the impression which she made upon him. He says, "I never saw Pauline Johnson in her own land, at her own hearthstone, but only in my house in London and at other houses in London, where she brought a breath of the wild; not because she dressed in Indian costume, but because its atmosphere was around her. The feeling of the wild looked out of her eyes, stirred in her gesture, moved in her footstep."

"I am glad to have known this rare creature who had the courage to be glad of her origin, without defiance, but with an unchanging, if unspoken, insistence. Her native land and the Empire should be glad of her for what she was and for what she stood; her native land and the Empire should be glad of her for the work, interesting, vivid and human, which she has done."



"a symmetrical column of solid grey stone"

Siwash Rock off Stanley Park stands in barren grace at the entrance to the First Narrows near Pauline Johnson's final resting place. In one of her Legends of Vancouver, The Siwash Rock, Miss Johnson wrote: "Amongst all the wonders, the natural beauties that encircle Vancouver, the marvels of mountains shaped into crouching lions and brooding beavers, the yawning canyons, the stupendous forest firs and cedars, Siwash Rock stands as distinct, as individual, as if dropped from another sphere."

"Welcome To the Indian Tribes of Canada"

The Tsawwassen Indian Reserve is located in this, one of the oldest municipalities, on the West Coast of British Columbia with the famed Fraser River, Gulf of Georgia, Boundary Bay and the 49th Parallel along its boundary lines. It was primarily a farming and fishing area but is developing its industrial and residential areas due to the construction of the Deas Tunnel, Tsawwassen Highway (which is a direct link to the United States border) and the Government Ferry Service to Vancouver Island.

•

**Reeve and Council
The Corporation of Delta**

Compliments of
**TEXACO
CANADA
LIMITED**

Hear My Cry!

(Continued from Page 11)

cedar — then, indeed, they shall become a mere aggregation of imbeciles.

When we have forsaken all that is rightfully ours; when we no longer commune with Nature; when we have scattered and destroyed all that our "Kitche Manitou" granted to us. We then, truly, will be dead Indians — Our hearts will be hollow and empty, and though we may walk the crowded streets of mighty cities, with gold and silver jingling in our pockets, we will, in truth, be nothing much better than walking mummies!

BUT all of this dreadful and terrible vision must never actually take place. Why? Because we have not as yet really fulfilled our purpose upon this, our mother, the Earth. We must continue to live, struggle and fight for justice, and create a new hope for our people. We must do something to cheer them in their loneliness, and comfort them in their misery — We must act now! We must save the best of the old and take the best of the new!

Then some day, out of the gloom, out from the ashes of the past, out from the misty fog of illiteracy, shall rise a new people, a wiser people, a stronger people, a braver people, a people proud of their great heritage — the only thing that cannot be stolen from them!

Oh, Indians of all the land, hear my cry!

I Have Spoken!

GREETINGS TO THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD
from the

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Greetings to the Six Nations People on the Pauline Johnson Centenary

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THE CENTENARY OF

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SUCCESS STORY

PAULINE'S STAMP

By BIG WHITE OWL

Eastern Associate Editor

There was so much written and so many fine words were spoken about E. Pauline Johnson, before and after the issue of the Centennial Postage Stamp. I cannot add anything new to it.

I can, however, give a few facts and extend a sincere "thank you" to those who supported our cause and helped us to attain our goal.

Following are the various organizations that supported and endorsed the Toronto Indian Club Centennial Postage Stamp Resolution: Mr. True Davidson, now Reeve of the Township of East York, helped enlist the support of the East York Local Council of Women, the Leaside E. Y. Women's Club, the Canadian Federation of University Women's Club.

Mrs. Glassford, President of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto, placed our resolution before their executive for consideration and it was adopted by unanimous vote.

Major V. Maclean Howard, an ardent Empire Loyalist, introduced the E. Pauline Johnson Centennial Postage Stamp idea to the members of his organization, the Governor Simcoe Branch of the United Empire Loyalists Association of Canada, where it was unanimously endorsed and sent to Ottawa.

Mr. McCauley Pope was president of the Governor Simcoe Branch, U. E. L., at the time of this eventful epoch. Recently Mr. Pope passed away and the U. E. L. suffered a great loss in the death of such a gracious gentleman and loyal Canadian.

There are so many others who helped us, individuals, groups, students, families—far too numerous to list—whom we wish to thank and shake hands with from our hearts.

The Toronto Indian Club played a leading part in this great enterprise, and we are grateful for the privilege of working with many other organizations which were also doing their utmost for the same cause.

I Have Spoken!



FAMOUS CHIEF JOE CAPILANO AND OTHER CHIEFS - 1907

Pictured here in 1907 at the North Vancouver Ferry Wharf is the famous Chief Joe Capilano, with a delegation of other chiefs. Chief Capilano is wearing the medallion he received from King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra in London a year earlier. Chief Capilano, a striking figure of a man, is carrying one of the treasured, now rare, Indian blankets, intricately woven from dog's hair and goat's wool and worn by the assembled chiefs. "These legends (with one or two exceptions)," Pauline Johnson wrote in her introduction to *THE LEGENDS OF VANCOUVER*, "were told

to me personally by my honored friend Chief Joe Capilano whom I had the privilege of first meeting in London in 1906 when he was received at Buckingham Palace by their Majesties . . . To the fact that I was able to greet Chief Capilano in the Chinook tongue, while we were both many thousands of miles from home, I owe the friendship and confidence he so freely gave me when I came to reside on the Pacific Coast. These legends he told me from time to time, just as the mood possessed him, and he frequently remarked that they had never been revealed to any other English-speaking person save myself."

FRATERNAL GREETINGS AND GOOD WISHES

to the Six Nations Indians and the Native Brotherhood
ON THIS HISTORIC PAULINE JOHNSON CENTENARY



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Roll out, O seas! in sunlight bathed,
Your plains wind-tossed, and grass ensuathed.*

*Farther than vision ranges, farther than eagles fly,
Stretches the land of beauty, arches the perfect sky,
Hemmed through the purple mists afar
By peaks that gleam like star on star.*

*Fringing the prairie billows, fretting horizon's line,
Darkly green are slumbering wildernesses of pine,
Sleeping until the zephyrs throng
To kiss their silence into song.*

*Whispers freighted with odour swinging into the air,
Russet needles as censers swing to an altar, where
The angels' songs are less divine
Than duo sung twixt breeze and pine.*

*Laughing into the forest, dimples a mountain stream,
Pure as the airs above it, soft as a summer dream,
O! Lethean spring thou'rt only found
In this ideal hunting ground.*

*Surely the great Hereafter cannot be more than this,
Surely we'll see that country after Time's farewell kiss.
Who would his lovely faith condole?
Who envies not the Red-skin's soul,*

*Sailing into the cloud land, sailing into the sun,
Into the crimson portals ajar when life is done?
O! dear dead race, my spirit too
Would fain sail westward unto you.*

—From Flint and Feather, published and copyrighted
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OUT OF THE PAST

From MUSEUM NOTES, journal of the Art, Historical and Scientific Association.

Much has happened since Pauline Johnson passed from what was then a comparatively peaceful world. The pace has grown the more swift with each decade, with the result that past impressions, bearing the imagined stamp of the indelible, have become shadowy among the succession of world-shaking events.

And so it is with nostalgic interest that we turn the pages of *Museum Notes* to rediscover her honored place in the community. In 1926, thirteen years after her death, this was recorded:

The Commemoration on the Death on the 7th of March, 1913, of Miss E. Pauline Johnson. The members of the "Pauline Johnson" Chapter, Imperial Daughters of

We Salute

A Great Canadian . . .

PAULINE JOHNSON

. . . A defender of her people.

THE FISHERMAN

The Voice of B.C.'s Organized Fishermen and Shoreworkers

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VANCOUVER 4, B.C.

the Empire, attended at the Museum, and an address on the life of the poet was given by Mrs. Oille on March 9th.

Reference to her writing is made in this excerpt, December 1927:

In considering *The Legends*, one is reminded that Chief Joe Capilano must ever be associated with the author of these stories, which were founded on his tribal lore.

A photograph of the old Chief in full regalia has lately come to the Museum and is added for the interest of the Notes as a frontispiece.

And, finally in June, 1928, the poem which is both a toast and a testament of faith in the city of her adoption:

*There's wine in the cup, Vancouver,
And there's warmth in my heart for you,
While I drink to your health, your youth and your wealth,
And the things that you will do,
In a vintage rare and olden,
With a flavor fine and keen,
Fill the glass to the edge while I stand up to pledge
My faith to my western queen.*

a prodigal

*My heart forgot its God for love of you,
And you forgot me, other loves to learn;
Now through a wilderness of thorn and rue
Back to my God I turn.*

*And just because my God forgets the past,
And in forgetting does not ask to know
Why I once left His arms for yours, at last
Back to my God I go.*

—From *Flint and Feather*, published and copyrighted by the Musson Book Company Ltd., Toronto.

(Pauline Johnson was said to be especially fond of this little poem which speaks of a love affair which ended unhappily.)

The Corporation of the District of Burnaby

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The people of Burnaby join with all the citizens of Canada in commemorating the birth of a famous Mohawk Princess and Canadian poetess . . .

MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON

Born at Chiefswood
near Brantford, Ontario, 1861

THE REEVE
AND COUNCIL



—Vancouver Archives

Funeral cortege of Pauline Johnson as it crossed Granville Street on Georgia, proceeding to Mountain View Cemetery. Date was March 10, 1913, Miss Johnson's fifty-second birthday. According to the Vancouver Archives, her ashes were interred in Stanley Park on March 13 or 14 "in a makeshift urn", since a real urn was not available.

Her Ashes Lie Buried in Park

By L. W. Makovski

Mr. Makovski, now 86 and living in Victoria, was Vancouver Province magazine editor from 1910 to 1920, recalling that he first met the poetess some 50 years ago. He sets out the details of Pauline Johnson's burial.

PAULINE Johnson's ashes are contained in an urn sealed in a "cement baby's coffin," together with a copy of *The Legends of Vancouver* and *Flint and Feather*, open on either

The Officers and Members of the

VANCOUVER AND DISTRICT LABOUR COUNCIL

. . . take pleasure in extending greetings to the representatives of Canada's Six Nations Indians who will be visiting Vancouver to participate in special ceremonies commemorating the centenary of Pauline Johnson's birth.

side of the urn, exactly under the "memorial" cairn overlooking Siwash Rock on the westernmost point of Stanley Park, Vancouver, looking right over English Bay and the gateway the First Narrows to Vancouver Harbour. The late Mrs. Jonathan Rogers (who I think was then president of the Pauline Johnson Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire) and I received the ashes in the funeral parlor of Center and Hamilton and signed the copies of the books.

We were present when the "coffin" was sealed with cement and when it was interred at a special funeral service in Stanley Park conducted by Rev. C. C. Owen, rector of Christ Church, which was attended by many members of the above chapter and other special friends.

Mrs. Walter McRaye recited a poem from *Flint and Feather* as the first spadefuls of earth fell on the "coffin."

Some workmen repairing a stone horse trough and the roadway at the spot also attended the interment of her ashes and after we had all departed, most reverently built the cairn which constitutes her monument.

So the sculptor Marega engraved one of the stones with her name and likeness. That is how a "monument" was raised to her memory.

The Trail to Lillooet

(Written in 1906 in London shortly after Pauline Johnson's first meeting with Chief Joseph Capilano)

Sob of fall, and song of forest, come you here on haunting quest,
 Calling through the seas and silence, from God's country of the west,
 Where the mountain pass is narrow, and the torrent white and strong,
 Down its rocky-throated cañon, sings its golden-throated song.
 You are singing there together through the God-begotten nights,
 And the leaning stars are listening above the distant heights
 That lift like points of opal in the crescent coronet
 About whose golden setting sweeps the trail to Lillooet.

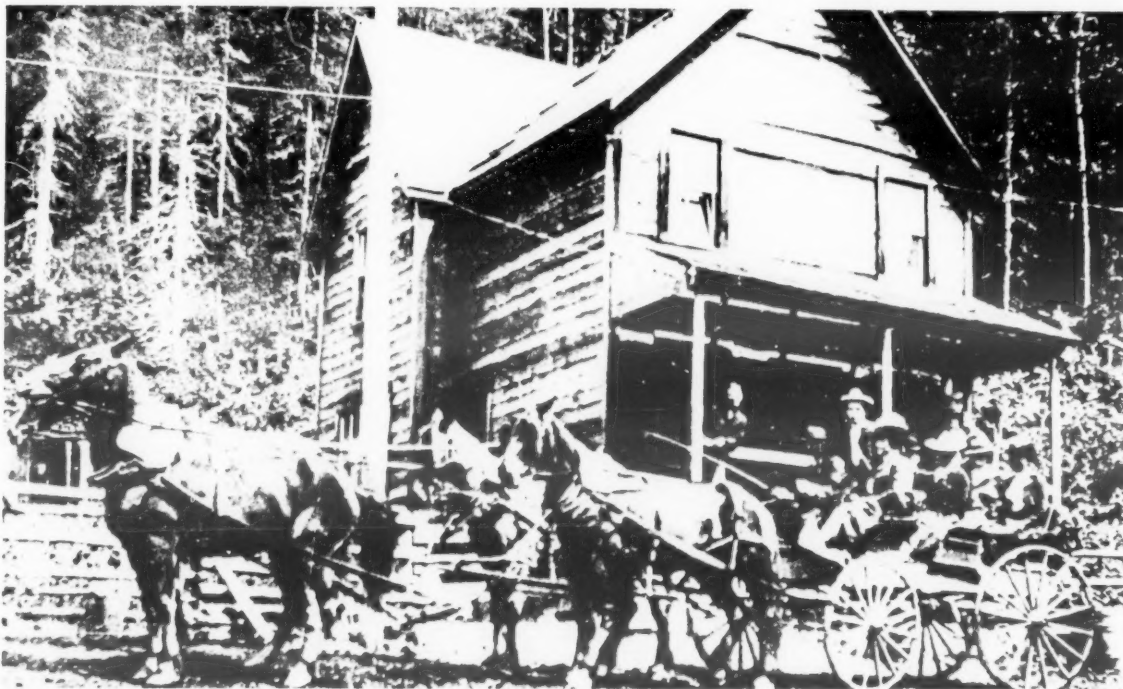
Trail that winds and trail that wanders, like a cob-web hanging high,

*Just a bazy thread outlining mid-way of the stream and sky,
 Where the Fraser River cañon yawns its pathway to the sea,
 But half the world has shouldered up between its song and me.*

*Here, the placid English August, and the sea-encircled miles
 There — God's copper-coloured sunshine beating through the lonely aisles*

*Where the waterfalls and forest voice for ever their duet,
 And call across the cañon on the trail to Lillooet.*

—From *Flint and Feather*, published and copyrighted by the Musson Book Company Ltd., Toronto.



—Ontario Archives

Seated by the driver of the Cariboo stage is Pauline Johnson during her 650 mile journey to the camps and towns of the Cariboo country.

WITH OUR VERY BEST WISHES
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 SIX NATIONS INDIANS

We are deeply honoured to join with you in commemorating the centenary of the birth of our Great Canadian Princess — Pauline Johnson.

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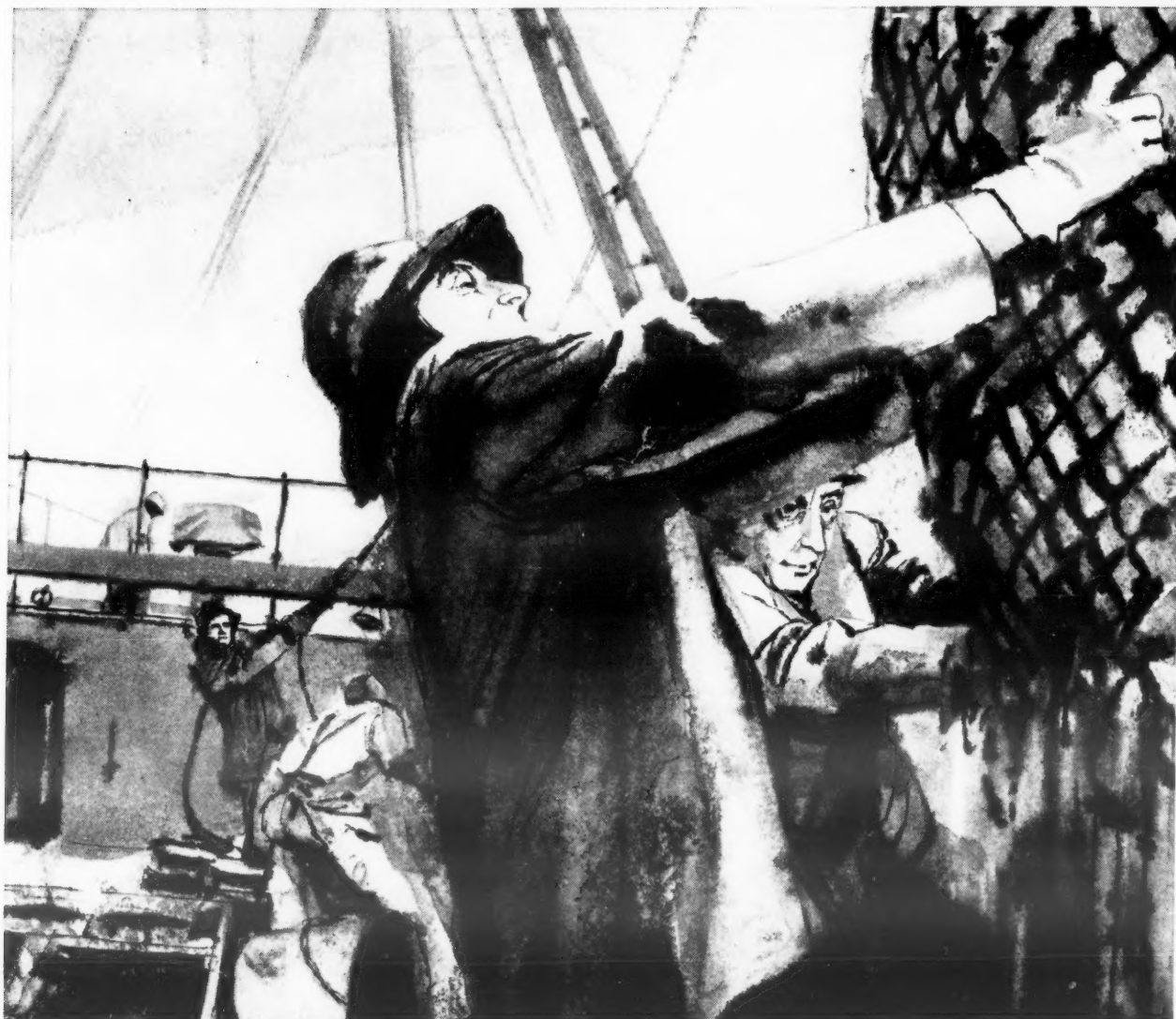
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The Department does everything possible to further the industry, and the Canadian Government searches for new markets around the world for fishery products.



DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES OTTAWA, CANADA

Hon. J. Angus Maclean, M.P., Minister. George R. Clark, Deputy Minister

JAY SILVERHEELS

Six Nations' Indian Star

A Canadian Mohawk Indian born on the Six Nations Reservation has established himself as an outstanding movie star.

Better known as Tonto in "The Lone Ranger" film and TV series, he is Jay Silverheels, now a resident of Northridge, California.

Silverheels started his career as an athlete, at the age of 17 an outstanding lacrosse player, and in 1937-38, runner-up in the Golden Gloves. He won the Eastern finals in New York's Madison Square Gardens and just failed to win the national crown.

But it was Jay Silverheels' athletic ability that finally decided his career in the movies. While in Hollywood with a touring lacrosse club, he was spotted by Joe E. Brown who urged him to take up acting.

Brown helped mould the Canadian's early career, first as an extra and bit player until he gained needed experience.

From there on, Jay Silverheels appeared in such important movies as *Geronimo*, *Broken Arrow* and *Captain from Castille*, in which he got his first major break.

Now as Tonto, his name is legend.

He lives quietly with his wife Mary and their four children, Marilyn, 14; Pamela, 6; Karen Lee, 3; and Jay Anthony, born May 15 this year.

His father died in August, 1954, but his mother lives in Buffalo, New York. He has seven brothers and two sisters.

Jay Silverheels has made many trips back to Canada, several times participating in the Buckskin Gloves in Vancouver as referee and special attraction in order to help make a success of this all-Native project.

He has also been back to the Six Nations and in fact, his fan club, formed in 1955, has set out one of its aims as "to help his relatives and friends raise money to build a Jay Silverheels Sports Centre for the youth of the Six Nations Reservation in Ontario where Jay was born."



Jay Silverheels in a scene from the movie Brave Warrior.

GREETINGS from the
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Story of Heartbreak

Struggle for Recognition

Pauline Johnson's early struggle for recognition is described in these references by Marjorie Freeman Campbell in an article in the HAMILTON SPECTATOR.

AT 16, Pauline began to write her poems. While her talent may have been inherited in part from her mother, who was first cousin to the American novelist and critic, William Dean Howells, it was moulded, patterned and richly colored by her racial heritage.

Tekahionwake, meaning Double Wampum, to give Pauline her Indian name, left no doubt of her own feeling concerning her writing. "My aim," she declared, "my joy, my pride is in singing the glories of my own people."

Tekahionwake accomplished her purpose. Three generations of school children in Canada have declaimed, and remembered the death defiance of the captive Mohawk chief in the poem *As Red Men Die*.

*The path of coals out-stretches, white with heat,
A forest fir's length — ready for his feet,
Unflinching as a rock he steps along
The burning mass, and sings his wild war song;
Songs that of exploit and of prowess tell;
Songs of the Iroquois invincible.*

From the beginning the young poet's verse found publication in periodicals in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. Earliest to present her work were *Gems of Poetry*, a small New York magazine; the *New York Independent*, the *Toronto Saturday Night*, and Professor Goldwin Smith's *The Week*, also of Toronto.

Yet financial returns were meagre, *The Train Dogs* brought 70 cents in payment from Rod and Gun, which the poet returned, deploring their apparent poverty. *The Song My Padda Sings*, the poem for which Pauline Johnson is best known to most Canadians, brought a cheque for one dollar from *The Week*, a heartbreak as a subsequent mail carried a second acceptance of the same poem from *The Youth's Companion* accompanied by a cheque for \$50, which had to be returned.

Yet it was publication by *The Week* which in 1892 gave Pauline her first big break, starting her on her career on the public platform. Because she was a contributor to Smith's publication, the Mohawk poet was included among Canadian authors whom Frank Yeigh, president of the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto, invited to read from their own works at a literary evening in that city.



Chief August Jack Khahsablano (left), last of the great Squamish medicine men, wearing a ceremonial mask. His wife, Mary Anne, is pictured above.

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The Four Aspects of Life

By JIMALEE BURTON

A Medicine Man explained to me his method of treating a patient — so the painting reproduced is done as he explained it to me.

When treating a patient he analysed the four aspects of life. Each point of the cross in the painting symbolizes an aspect. He believed harmony in all brings good health.

The upper left hand corner represents the mineral content of man, his food and water; the one below, his home life.

The upper right hand corner represents the emotional side of life — the drum and rattles to drive away the evil spirits. Behind the mask of life there is always good.

The last aspect, the spiritual, represented by the peace pipe, the sun, the Great Spirit, and the spirit of man. When all these are in harmony, the patient has to be well.

The points at each side represent the east and west — the beginning and the end.

At the bottom of the painting we see the road of life: the birth, the turning points on the road of life, and death.

—Ho-che-nee (Jimalee Burton)

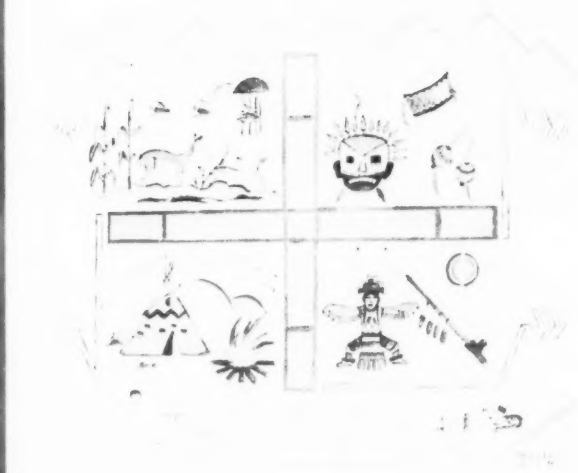


JIMALEE BURTON

U.S. Associate Editor (Oklahoma)

U.S. Associate Editor Arrives

Jimalee Burton, United States Associate Editor of THE NATIVE VOICE, is paying her first visit to British Columbia, joining the Pauline Johnson memorial ceremonies with the pilgrimage of Six Nations Indians. Mrs. Burton (Ho-che-nee) is a famous artist, lecturer, and traveller. She is planning a trip to Alaska.



This painting by Jimalee Burton of Tulsa, Oklahoma, United States Associate Editor of THE NATIVE VOICE, won an award at the National Indian Exhibition at Philbrook Art Centre in Tulsa, Oklahoma. It is now in the permanent collection of the Haffenbesser Indian Museum at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.

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the lost lagoon

*It is dusk on the Lost Lagoon,
And we two dreaming the dusk away,
Beneath the drift of a twilight grey,
Beneath the drowse of an ending day,
And the curve of a golden moon.*

*It is dark in the Lost Lagoon,
And gone are the depths of haunting blue,
The grouping gulls, and the old canoe,
The singing firs, and the dusk and — you,
And gone is the golden moon.*

*O! lure of the Lost Lagoon,
I dream tonight that my paddle blurs
The purple shade where the seaweed stirs,
I hear the call of the singing firs
In the bush of the golden moon.*

—From *Flint and Feather*, published and copyrighted
by the Musson Book Company Ltd., Toronto.

"He bends to death, but never to disgrace."

—AS RED MEN DIE

•
Our respects to
an outstanding
Canadian . . .
•

PAULINE JOHNSON

on this 100th anniversary of her birth.

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An Author's Recollections

These impressions of Pauline Johnson are taken from The Stream Runs Fast, autobiography of Nellie L. McClung, published in 1946 by Thomas Allen Limited, Toronto. Mrs. McClung was living in Manitou, Manitoba, "one hundred and one miles southwest of Winnipeg" when she first met Miss Johnson. She is the author of Clearing in the West, Sowing Seeds in Danny, Painted Fire, and other works.

ONE of the real events was the visit of the poetess, E. Pauline Johnson, who for two nights filled the Methodist Church with an admiring audience. Pauline was at the zenith of her power and beauty at that time having recently returned from her triumphal tour of England.

The night was bitterly cold, but the Church was overflowing. Pauline's advertising had shown only the Indian girl in her beaded chamois costume and feather headdress, so when a beautiful young woman in white satin evening dress came out of the vestry door and walked to the platform, there was a gasp of surprise from the audience. Pauline smiled at us reassuringly, knowing what was in our minds.

"I am going to be a white woman first," she said in her deep voice, "the Indian part will follow." Then she told us about her home, "Chiefswood," at Brantford on the Grand River, built by her father, of black walnut from his own land — land given by the British Crown to the Brotherhood of the Six Nations, founded over four hundred years ago by Hiawatha.

She told us about her recent visit to England, and her encounters with some of the well-intentioned but clumsy efforts to smooth over the fact of her Indian blood.

"My dear," said one short-sighted countess, raising her eyebrows, "your skin is really very clear and white, and yet you say your father is an Indian." Pauline acknowledged the fact, and the countess blundered on; "Really," she said, "I could not have known it." But before the interview was over, the Mohawk Princess scored. She blandly asked her interrogator if it was true that she was of pure white blood, at which the countess snorted in indignation. "Of course I am," she said — to which Pauline murmured politely, "I would never have known it!"

I REMEMBER the rhythm and charm of her voice as she recited a poem about the Grand River:

*Here, impossible romances
Indefinable sweet fancies
Cluster round.
And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood ever turning
To exhale
All its smoky fragrance dying
In the arms of evening lying
Where I sail.*

Languorous, picture-making poetry, not much meaning to it, but it was pure music on her lips.

In the second part of the program, the grand lady was gone and a lithe Indian girl took her place, telling us stories of her people, and their battle for existence. I remember especially the story of Onesimo, who made love to a white man, and then stabbed him to free her Indian lover.

I think Pauline must have been an actress of great power, for I can still recall the great moment in this story. So real was the cold duplicity of the heroine, that the mother of the young man who had agreed to drive Pauline to her next engagement, frantically appealed to him to have nothing to do with this treacherous woman, and Pauline, like the good trouper she was, added that story to her repertoire.

ON the day following her recital, my sister-in-law and I called on her at the hotel, but that calm, simple sentence tells nothing of her state of mind. She was the first great per-

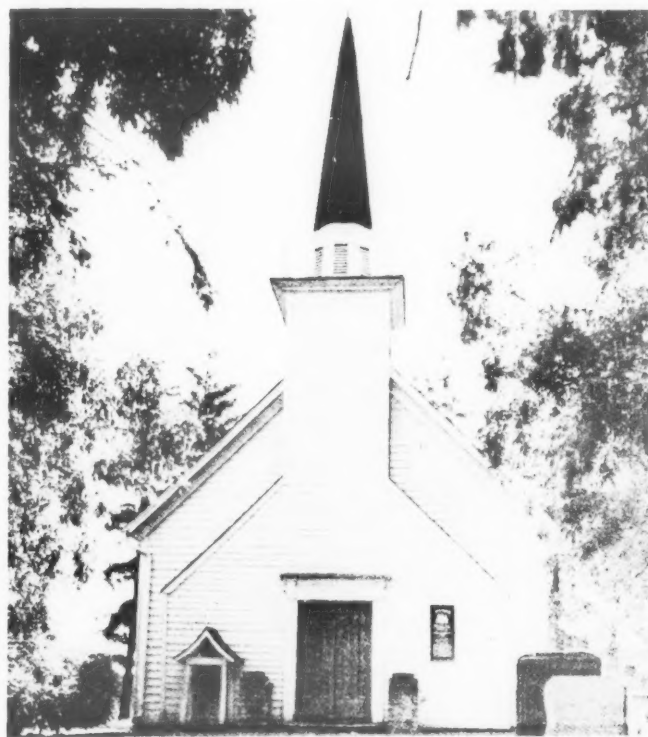
sonage we had met, and we knew it was a time for white gloves and polished shoes.

However, at her first word, we felt at home with her and for an hour we sat entranced in the best parlor of the Cassin house, with its old-gold plush chairs under us, and the enlarged photographs and deer heads looking down on us, oblivious of everything but this charming, friendly woman. She told us of her first efforts to sell her poems, and how proud she was when she first saw her verse in print.

We tried to remember our manners; we knew a call must not drag on into a visit. Then we asked her if she would come for dinner with us the next day, which was Sunday. She would and did, and no one ever had a more gracious guest. She told us about the old Mohawk church, where she worshipped when she was at home. It was the first church in Ontario and in it was the Bible which Queen Anne had given to the congregation in 1701.

The afternoon went by on silken wings. Cold winds blew down Front Street in Manitou; we were still living in the four

(Continued on Page 30)



HER MAJESTY'S CHAPEL OF THE MOHAWKS

Alongside this most historic Church on the reservation of the Indian Confederacy of the Six Nations are two enclosures. In one are buried Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea) outstanding Mohawk chieftain who died in 1807, and his son John, who died in 1832. Their twin graves are marked by a great stone slab. In the second enclosure is a simple red stone memorial to Pauline Johnson. She often attended the Chapel services as a girl and young woman. This Royal Chapel of the Mohawks was built in 1786 and is the only church outside the United Kingdom with the status of a Chapel Royal. It is the oldest Protestant Church in Ontario.

Page Twenty-nine

An Author's Recollections

(Continued from Page 29)

rooms above the drug store, and the shutters creaked in the blast, but we were living in another world, touching the hem of our romantic past.

UNFORTUNATELY for me, I never saw Pauline again, though in her last illness, which lasted for two years, it was my great privilege to write to her and receive letters from her in reply. She died in Vancouver on March 7th, 1913, and was buried on her birthday, March 10th, from Christ Church.

From her friend, Jean Stevenson, I heard about her funeral, and the honors paid her. Representatives were present from every organization in the city.

Lady Tupper led the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, and on the casket, in purple drape, showing the

royal blood of the deceased, was a pall worked by the Paul Johnson Chapter of the I.O.D.E.

The Capilano tribe, whose legends Pauline has immortalized, was officially represented by Chief Mathias, in regalia, who followed directly behind the bier, while drawn along Georgia Street a long line of silent Red men "stood mobile all through the service and until the funeral cortège had passed on the way to the cemetery."

Flags on all public buildings hung at half mast, and following telegram was received by Mayor Baxter from H.R. the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada: "Kindly express to the friends of the late Pauline Johnson very deep regret at the news of her death."

FORTUNATELY, Mrs. Stevenson has preserved many of her letters, which reveal her strength and sweetness of character and her profound wisdom. Never once did Pauline Johnson falter in her loyalty and devotion to her own people; even when she stood on London Bridge, and looked at the gleam of the greatest city in the world, she saw it through the eyes of her people.

"It is a far cry from a wigwam to Westminster," she wrote. "And London seems a strange place to the Red Indian whose eyes still see the forest trees, even as they gaze across the Strand, and whose feet still feel the clinging moccasins even among the scores of clicking heels that hurry along the thoroughfares of the pale faces."

She compares what she sees and hears in St. Paul's with the rites and ceremonies of her own people. Instead of the altar lights, flared the camp fires on the Onondaga "long house," and the resinous scent of the burning pine drifted across the London air.

"I saw the tall, copper-skinned firekeeper of the Iroquois council enter, the circle of light flung fitfully against the black surrounding wood. None so regal, so august, as he. His garb of fringed buckskin and ermine was no more grotesque than the vestments worn by the white preachers in high places."

I wonder what will be the place assigned to her in Canadian literature in the future. Will her melodious verse survive? She left only three slim volumes of poems, but I do not believe we have any poem that sings more sweetly than her *Paddle Song*.

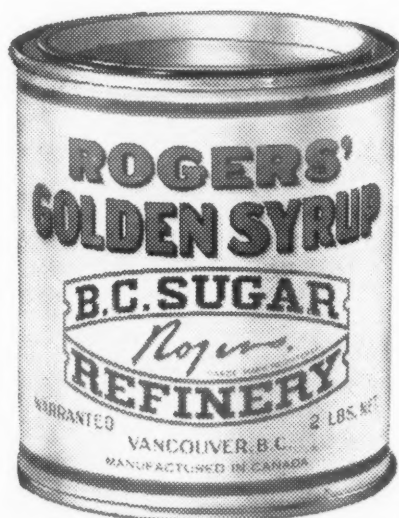
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'A Lyricist of Love'

A little-known phase of Pauline Johnson's life and writing is revealed in this excerpt from a recent study by Marcus Van Steen in the *London (Ont.) Free Press*.

ACCORDING to Mrs. Garland Foster, who wrote a life of Miss Johnson under the title *The Mohawk Princess*, the Vancouver friends who took a hand in the selection of the poems for *Flint and Feather* deliberately left out many love lyrics as being "too personal, too intimate for the public eye." And yet, according to many critics, Pauline was at her best in dealing with the theme of love.

"As a lyricist of love, Miss Johnson must be sublimated above all other Canadian poets," wrote the critic and writer, Dr. J. D. Logan. "Her love poems are full of the most poignant passion and pathos."

Those same friends who decided which of Miss Johnson's work should be given to the public have also tried to leave us with the impression that when Pauline wrote of impassioned love she was depending entirely upon her poetic intuition.

"One must allow for imagination," Isobel Ecclestone MacKay wrote about Miss Johnson shortly after her death in 1913, "which brings to the verse writer an inspired second-hand knowledge of experiences which she herself may never have passed through."

Actually Miss Johnson was engaged to be married, and the fact that the wedding never took place may explain why so much of her love poetry is saddened by unexplained farewells and unrequited passion:

*Turn in pity those eyes
Away from me,
The burning sorrow that in them lies
Is misery.
O, gentlest pleader my life has known,
Good-bye. The night and I are alone.*

IN THE BRANTFORD COURIER of January 26, 1898, there is a notice announcing the engagement of Miss Johnson to "Mr. Charles E. Drayton, assistant inspector for the Western Loan and Savings Company, Winnipeg." Later in the same year, the COURIER for July 30, 1898, carries an item which says that Miss Johnson was leaving Brantford for Winnipeg where she was going to get married and make her permanent home.

The answer as to why this marriage never took place may be contained in some of Miss Johnson's private letters and papers which have not as yet been made public. These papers may also throw new light on the inner life of this most remarkable woman, of whom we know very little.



Pauline Johnson, a woman of great beauty, is pictured here in her London dress.

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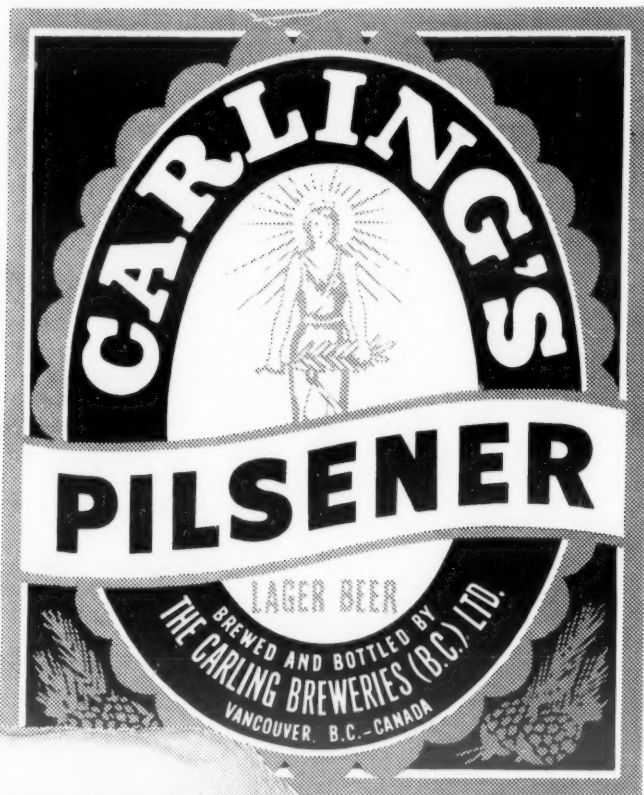
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Marker Day on July 30

"For one hundred years the United States of America has enjoyed with the Dominion of Canada; and the State of Washington has enjoyed with the Province of British Columbia; most amicable relations to the benefit of all," reads part of the resolution presented to the House of Representatives by the Senate of the State of Washington in February, 1961.

With that 100 years of amicable friendship in mind, the resolution asked that the Washington State Historical Society arrange for a celebration at Point Roberts, U.S.A., to commemorate the completion of the International boundary line, and the erection of the first Boundary marker, at Point Roberts, in 1861-62.

The date of the celebration is set for July 30, when a simple public ceremony will be held at the foot of the marker. Other events will be enjoyed all through the day in Point Roberts, and the annual salmon barbecue, served by Grange Hall members will be held on that day near the Grange Hall. The salmon is freshly caught and barbecued in the Indian manner.

Delta Municipality is sharing in the celebrations with its U.S.A. neighbors.

The first Boundary marker stands at the top of the Tsawwassen bluff overlooking the Gulf of Georgia. It is the only original one out of the 21 on the B.C.-U.S.A. boundary line still in use.

The erection of the marker was started in 1861 and finished in 1862.

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Restore Historic Chiefswood

PAULINE'S father, Chief George H. M. Johnson, acquired the name "Great Mansion" by virtue of his having built the finest home still standing in the Dominion of any Indian on or off a Reserve.

Even today it is easy for the formed eye to see Chiefswood the beautiful capitol of Indian Canada during the regime there Chief Johnson, probably the greatest peacetime leader of the Six Nations. The river front residence, set deep in lawns and dark forest, was a wedding gift for Pauline's mother and the family home between 1853 and 1884.

When you visit Pauline's birthplace, you will notice that the house faces both ways in order that the wishes of both the Chief and his wife might be observed. It is said to face the Indian on the river and the white man on the road. Pauline's poems and stories face both ways like Chiefswood . . . the Indian world of her father and the white man's world of her mother.

This home with its well-stocked library and fine silver and table service and a piano was well calculated to inspire a beauty-loving and sensitive soul like that of Pauline. Against the backdrop of Indian America and Pioneer Ontario it was all the more impressive.

DURING Chief Johnson's time, Chiefswood was host to most of Canada's leaders and to the most important visitors to Canada from other lands. Let us mention Edward, Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII; Arthur, Duke of Connaught, later Governor-General of Canada. Incidentally, we are told that the red blanket on which the Duke stood while being made a chief of the Six Nations, later became part of Pauline's platform ceremonial costume.

THE one writer above all others to strike a new and fresh note in Canadian literature was Pauline Johnson with her "Indian-ness" in thought and topic. Of course, in many of her poems and stories she follows well-worn Victorian models in imagery and subject matter and even viewpoint as might be expected of a person who had to learn to put the thoughts of one race in the literary moulds of another language.

FROM A 1958 ADDRESS
By Dr. R. Pilant

OF BRANTFORD
Co-chairman, Institute of Iroquoian Studies

Dr. Pilant has been one of the main organizers of 1961's historic Six Nations pilgrimage.

To do so acceptably is very unusual; to do so very effectively is a mark of genius.

Since Tekahionwake, to use her Iroquois name, began this translation of Indian life into English in the seventies of the last century, public taste and critical standards have altered sharply and many other authors have had a chance to profit from Pauline's pioneer work, but

(Continued on Page 34)



THE MOHAWK INSTITUTE

In 1823 the New England Company built two schools at Mohawk Village; one of these was close to the present site of the Mohawk Institute; destroyed by fire, the school was rebuilt and its operations enlarged. In 1844 when the Indians spread through the Reserve, boarding was established for some 40 to 60 children. Today some 200 children from all parts of this Reserve, and others in Canada and the U.S.A. are boarded and educated to grade 8 Public School and in domestic science, manual, and farm work.

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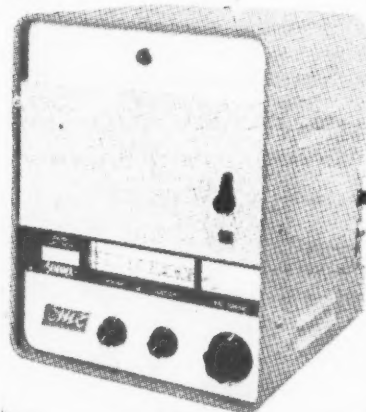
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Historic Chiefswood

(Continued from Page 33)

she must still be given credit for doing first what others may have done better later or may do much better in the future.

An unusual thing about the literary career of the Mohawk Prince was her closeness to the whole Canadian people as well as her communion with her own Indians. Unlike most writers she did not depend primarily upon contact with the public through their reading of her writings. She made her living not from royalties but from recitals in costume before countless audiences throughout almost sixty years on tour in the United Kingdom and English-speaking North America. And her tours included every whistle stop in Canada and a lot of mining camps and fishing villages that never heard locomotive screech.

In this way Pauline became something of a modern counterpart of the wandering poet of medieval Europe who made his way from court to court and market town to market town singing his way and his woe. She not only drew upon incidents of trail and train for subject matter but she also tried out many of her poems and stories on Mr. Everyman before they ever saw print.

THIS meant Pauline was a truly national poet in experience and outlook long before there was a real Canadian nation to appreciate her. She belonged to the Maritimes, to Ontario, to the prairie provinces, to the western mountains, and the Northwest Frontier almost equally. Only now is the ordinary Canadian beginning to know the whole Dominion at first hand and to feel the thrill of nationhood that awaited Pauline more than fifty years ago.

In order that Chiefswood should not become a cold shaft of commemorative marble glorifying only one person, that Chiefswood might again become a national focus of Indian pride and achievement, we have asked that Chiefswood become the first national Indian cultural centre in this or any other country. This historic home should once again become a showplace not only for trophies of the past but for tangible proofs of the present-day prowess of Pauline's beloved people, the Six Nations.

Every Canadian must realize that the Indian cannot perform up to his capacity for the advancement of himself and this nation except through his pride in his own people and in himself and his ability to succeed and to succeed in the modern world is restored.

We are asking that this house, Chiefswood, be restored as a way of helping bring about the restoration to the Indian of much more than just an historic building: as a way of giving back to the Indian his self-respect as a race, his confidence in himself as a person, his self-sufficiency in the economic world, his security in the political.

The fisheries play a "Paramount" role in contributing to the general prosperity of the country . . . providing employment for many Canadians ashore and afloat.

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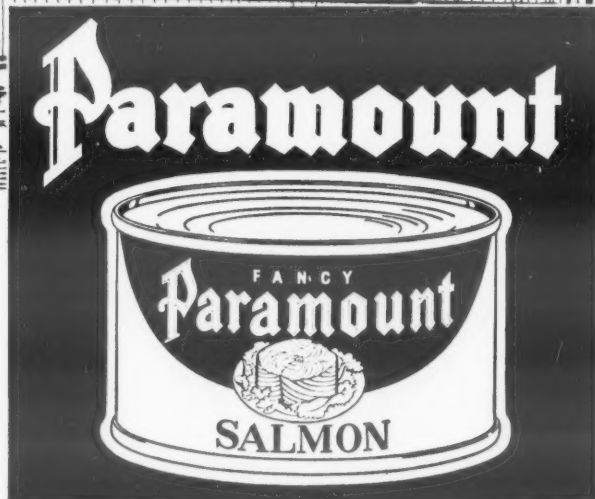
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Welcomes Six Nations

Si Baker Opens Campsite

Pictured here in Native attire and adopted headdress as he gets ready to welcome the Six Nations Indian delegation is Si Baker of North Vancouver, acting Chief Councillor.

He and his sons have opened their Big Chief Campsite beside the Squamish River, flanked on the other side by the highway

to Chekaye. It is located six miles above Squamish on the Brackendale Indian Reserve.

The area includes good fishing, boating, and lovely lakes.

The campsite has a souvenir store, coffee shop, and two large totems carved by Si Baker's uncle, Chief Joe Mathias and his nephew Richard Baker.

Big feature of the new undertaking is the outdoor salmon barbecue under the supervision of Dominic Charlie, an authority on this rare art.

**SI BAKER READY
FOR BIG WELCOME**



A CRY FROM AN INDIAN WIFE

(Concluding Lines)

By PAULINE JOHNSON

I would not self I hesitate no more;
I go forth, and win the glories of
the war.

I go forth, nor bend to greed of
white men's hands,

I fight, by birth we Indians own
these lands,

though starved, crushed, plund-
ered, lies our nation low . . .

perhaps the white man's God has
willed it so.



It is an honour for me to associate myself with this tribute to Pauline Johnson — great Canadian.

Her life and her work, her love for her people and her pride in their unique traditions, have enriched the cultural heritage of our country.

The precious legacy she has left us, in words of beauty and understanding, is one in which all Canadians can take special pride.

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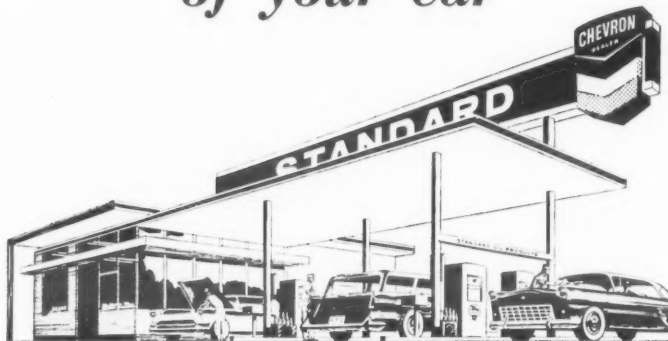
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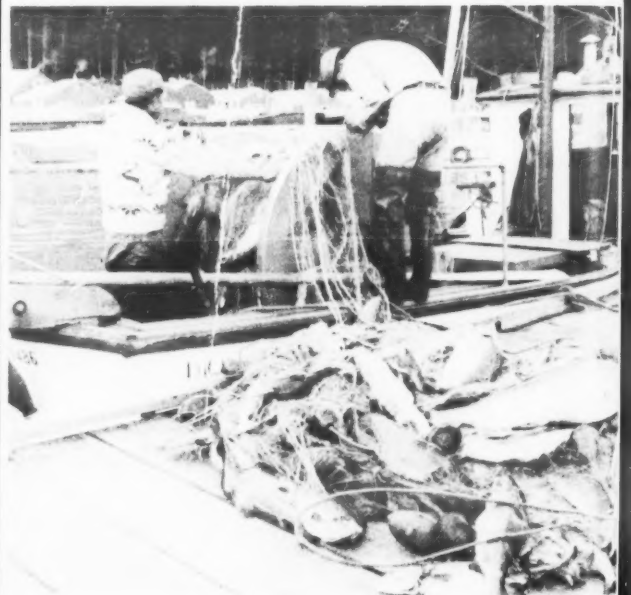


—Vancouver Archivist

MRS. MARY CAPILANO

Widow of the late Chief Joe Capilano, pictured here on May 31, 1939, at the North Vancouver ferry waiting for the King and Queen to pass. She died December 15, 1940, at 83. Mrs. Capilano, predeceased 30 years by her husband, carried the Indian name Lay-hu-lette. Born at "Potlatch Creek" in Howe Sound, she was granddaughter of Paytsa-mauq, half brother of Chief Ki-ap-a-la-no.

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A TRIBUTE TO HER MEMORY

*They but forgot we Indians owned the land
From ocean unto ocean; that they stand
Upon the soil that centuries ago
Was our sole kingdom and our right alone.*

—PAULINE JOHNSON

THE Ontario Legislature on March 10th heard warm tributes to the life and work of Pauline Johnson, the centenary of whose birth is being commemorated throughout the nation.

Referring to the outstanding quality of her life and work, Premier Leslie Frost said that the homage now being paid to this great daughter of Ontario "marks a further stage in the growth of a feeling of national identity and pride on the part of the people of our country, the development of which was one of the main objectives of Miss Johnson's work."

"Miss Johnson knew and loved this nation and the beauties of its countryside, but above all she understood its people. She never forgot her proud Indian heritage.

"While she wrote of her people and their glories, she did not attempt to conceal their plight in a society which exploited them and which in the language of today, treated them as second-class citizens.

"In almost everything she wrote she sought to foster in the minds of all Canadians a greater understanding and respect for the original citizens of our country. There is no doubt that her tireless work helped to improve their position.

"Today," said the Premier, "Indian citizens still suffer from the injustices of the past. But great changes in outlook are taking place and our Indian brothers and sisters are now being accorded that full status which is theirs by right.

"The change has come slowly, but surely the important thing is that it has taken place. The influence of Pauline Johnson has played a large part in bringing about that change in

thinking which causes us now to assess what we have done in the past with a great deal of regret."

★ ★ ★

FORMER Premier Harry Nixon who, like Mr. Frost, is an honorary Chief of the Mohawk tribe and who for over 40 years has represented in the Ontario Legislature the constituency in which Miss Johnson was born, spoke of her rich contribution to Canadian life and letters.

"Her poetry," he said, "has given pleasure to millions far beyond the boundaries of her own country. She left behind her a record of the history, lore and legend of her people which will never die and which without her passionate devotion to them would not have been preserved."

Mr. Nixon said he was distressed by the fact that education on Brant County Indian lands was still under the jurisdiction of the Federal Department of Indian Affairs.

"It seems to be not only absurd but a senseless duplication of effort to have one great Department of Education looking after the requirements of 1.4 million of our Ontario children and have a duplicate set-up at the Federal level to educate our Indian fellow citizens." —*Human Relations.*



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on this Centenary for Her Notable Contribution
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The Singer is Silent

(Continued from Page 5)

very straitened circumstances. Then it was that her friends organized the "Pauline Johnson Trust."

Through the agency of this Trust, her works were collected and published as they appear today, and the proceeds were sufficient to keep her in comfort for the last two or three years her unconquerable spirit lingered on this side of "The Great Divide."

I SHOULD like to supplement this short sketch of Canada's only Indian poetess, by a little picture of her as I last remember her. It was my privilege to call her friend, and perhaps because of this I may be able to leave with you a more intimate impression of her personality than you might get from merely reading her poems. The last time I saw Pauline Johnson was not so very long before she passed the last frontier of all and reached the Happy Hunting Grounds whither so many she loved had wandered before her.

The meeting place was a little white bedroom in the Bute Street Hospital, a little room that somehow seemed all too small to hold this earth-loving, gracious-hearted woman.

The bars which suffering and disease had built about her, had sadly circumscribed the activities of her fine physical forces; but they could not limit the liberty of her nature-loving spirit.

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Indian Cultures and the Protestant Ethic in British Columbia by Forrest E. Lavolette . . . An important and vital study dealing sympathetically with the question, "How can the Indian survive in the white man's world?"

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Page Thirty-eight

Always there was some magic way by which she could escape. Did not the wind o' the West whisper wonderful secrets to the trees outside her window? — and not so very far away were not the blue waters of English Bay making music that the echoes might reach her?

Then — were not her beloved mountains keeping their eternal guard above the hidden haunts of Nature and the bustling haunts of men? Did not the gateway of the dawn open each morning to let in the splendour of the sun-god? And each evening, were not the ways of the West resplendent with the glory of his going?

Though her body was captive, her soul was still free to reach the stars; and at night, the moonbeams that slanted across her hospital cot made a royal road by which to escape.

She knew there was one more unblazed trail to tread, and she knew that the journey might not be long delayed. She had trodden unblazed trails before, why should she be afraid of one more adventure — the greatest of all? She was only leaving the highway for a byway, that through a brief darkness was to lead her beyond "the shadows and the dreaming."

The gay raillery of the once vibrant voice, though thinned to a tired tone, was still rich with the warmth of friendship and cheery greetings. I have never forgotten that last meeting of mine with Pauline Johnson. I never shall.

There are some pictures that have a special place all their own in the Halls of Memory. We find them, where hang the little lamps that never go out. The picture I brought away with me that day was a canvas of many colors.

It seemed as though the four walls of that small hospital room opened outward, and through the broken bars of the merely physical, my fancy let in the magic of many things.

The sudden flight of a flock of birds; the dip of a lone paddle into a shadow-haunted lagoon; a lonely fir tree outlined against a sunset sky; a sepia smudge of smoke from a camp fire—a swift flash of the Aurora Borealis; blue sky and grey—dawn on the height, dusk in the valley; a hundred elusive images found reflection in the mirage of the moment.

AFTER she had passed, there appeared in souvenir form Miss Johnson's last poem, which was published by her expressed wish after her death. These valiant little verses were written after the doctors had told her there was no possible way of evading the grim enemy that so grievously "compassed her about."

(Continued on Page 39)

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Welcomes the SIX NATIONS Indians on the
CENTENARY OF PAULINE JOHNSON

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UCLUELET

VANCOUVER

The Singer is Silent

(Continued from Page 38)

This poem was her answer — her final declaration of independence. Always the reading of it brings back to me the times when our hands clasped — and parted — and I saw —

*Behind her, Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse.*

But it was in the shine, not the shade she was meeting the last enemy of all. Averse of her own best voices the signal she sent across the darkening distances that encroached upon her.

*Once more away.
The harbor lights are growing dim,
The shore is but a purple rim,
The sea outstretches grey and grim —
Away — away — away.*

Her last poem takes its title from Tennyson's poem *The Revenge* — And he said "Fight On."

*They've shot my flag to ribbons, but in rents
It floats above the height.
Their ensign shall not crown my battlements
While I can stand and fight.
I fling defiance at them as I cry
"Capitulate? Not I."*

There is one other little picture I should like to show you, if I may; but it is very different from the last. There is no strife here, no sense either of defeat or victory, but just a deep abiding thought of peace.

You all know that beautiful cloistered corner of Stanley Park, near enough to hear the waves break along the beach, and marked at present by a rugged grey rock. Beneath lies all that is mortal of Pauline Johnson—just her ashes—for it was her wish that she should be cremated.

Buried with her dust are her poems. Hidden beneath the soft leafy mould sleeps the singer with her songs. The voice of the singer is hushed, but her songs live, linking the panorama of the present with the pageant of the past, as she saw it in the history and traditions of the peoples who inhabited this vast continent, long before the spirit of adventure lured the paleface pioneers to the shores of Canada.

THE creative quality of Miss Johnson's poetry is mostly of a highly dramatic order; although there are many happy wanderings in other fields than those in which her intensely racial sympathies, and her facile pen, retrieved so much that had otherwise been lost.

The inspirational background of nearly all her literary work may be found in almost every corner of Canada. With equal felicity, she sang of the prairies and the plains — mountains and marshlands — the "rose-gold Westland," and the lakes and islands of beautiful Muskoka.

From Golden, in the Selkirks, to Halifax on her embattled hills; from the Crow's Nest Pass to the lovely Qu'appelle Valley; from "the silence of the sands" at St. Andrews to the rushing waters and thunderous rapids of the Fraser River Canyon — she found the "pathless world" of the poet, of which she writes:

*My keenest longing is to be
Alone, alone with God's grey earth that seems
Pulse of my pulse and consort of my dreams.*

(Continued on Page 40)

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The Singer is Silent

(Continued from Page 39)

Her best known books are *Flint and Feather*, *Legends of Vancouver* and *The Moccasin Maker*. *Flint and Feather* is a complete collection of her poems. She chose the title, as she herself said, because of the associations of ideas.

To quote her own words, "Flint suggests the Red man's weapons of war; it is the arrow tip, the heart-quality of mine own people; let it therefore apply to these poems that touch upon Indian life and love.

"The lyrical verse is as a 'Skyward floating feather, sailing on summer air.' And yet that feather may be the eagle plume that crests the head of a warrior chief; so both flint and feather bear the hall-mark of my Mohawk blood."

The *Legends of Vancouver* might be called a rosary of romance. Here on the golden chain of her rich imagination she has threaded the legends and traditions; the sagas and superstitions of the Coast Indians. Most of the material for these legends she obtained from the lips of the late Chief Joe Capilano.

I SHOULD like to tell a little story which Miss Johnson told me of this old chieftain.

Probably some of you may remember that Chief Joe Capilano went to London for the coronation festivities of the late King Edward VII. A great petlatch was held, and friendly tribes from far and near contributed to the expense of sending Chief Joe to London.

Although the "Great White Father" gave him an audience, and was very kind to him; and although his picturesque figure attracted much attention at the time, somehow, after he had returned to his people, the rumor circulated that he had never been to London at all, but had spent the money contributed for the purpose in other ways. This rumor nearly broke the poor old man's heart; he never forgot it.

When he was lying in state in his coffin, preparatory to being carried out to his last resting-place in the little cemetery at North Vancouver, Pauline Johnson entered the room.

Immediately the mourners recognized her, they raised a most terrific wail of woe, which they repeated again and again. Not understanding, and thinking her presence was undesired, she turned to go; but her companion reassured her.

The wail of woe, translated into English meant, "She saw him in London — She saw him in London." Thus those who doubted him in life, sought to vindicate the poor old chief as he lay dead.

Miss Johnson had met Chief Joe in London, and it was her recognition of, and friendship for him that really silenced the rumor that had caused the old chief so much grief.

I REMEMBER her telling of another little incident in which this old Tillicum of hers figured.

It was once when they were speaking of his visit to the palace where he had been presented to the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra. In describing the walls of the Throne Room he said, "It looked like one had stooped to a pool of soft gold mud and flung it on the wall."

During the conversation, Miss Johnson asked him how the Queen was dressed.

"It was beautiful," he replied, "it was silk."

"But, Chief," said his questioner, smiling, "how could you know it was silk?"

The old man looked at her for a moment, and then answered, "I know it was silk. When she moved it whistled like the wind in the pines around the Capilano."

The Moccasin Maker is also a collection of short stories, and includes the sketch *A Pagan in St. Paul's*. It tells of the vivid impressions of the young alien when she first saw the Tepee of the "Great White Father," and later watched the paleface worshippers assembled, even as her own people assembled, to do honor and reverence to the Manitou of all nations.

This collection contains the story of her mother's life, told with touching sincerity and devotion. It is easy to read between

the lines the sweet influences that helped to shape the late thought and expression of this picturesque and gifted personality.

Her mentality was moulded by the traditions of her people by her early environment, and by her passionate loyalty to her Mohawk blood.

When she passed, a rare and beautiful spirit changed habitation. There is a little verse of William Sharp's which always associate with my last recollection of Pauline Johnson.

*She laughed at Life's Sunset Gates
With vanishing breath;
Glad soul, who went with the Sun
To the Sunrise of Death.*

ONE of Miss Johnson's favorite poems was *The Song of Pauline Sings*. She herself was an ardent canoeist, and ran many strange waters in her search of adventure. Many lonely lake she crossed, and pitched her tent in many unfrequented places. Her soul always responded to the call of the Open Way, and Nature unveiled many of her secrets to the woman of the free liberty-loving heart.

The first time I ever heard Pauline Johnson recite her own verses was at a luncheon given in her honor by the local branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

She chose the poem titled *The Trail to Lillooet* and told us the circumstances under which it had been written. She told on her last visit to London she had one day been overwhelmed with home-sickness. Outside of her hotel window were fog and mist, and the crowded noisy thoroughfares of the great metropolis. Filled with unutterable longing for the spacious silence of the trail-threaded forests, the snowy shouldered mountains, and the swiftly flowing waters of her own beloved land, she wrote and wrote these verses.

Our poet tells how, when her mother married her Indian lover, she repeated to him the beautiful old vow of allegiance: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

There is a Good Friday poem called *Brier*, which is as tender before the inner shrine in the sanctuary.

The God who knows no distinction of race or color, her mother's God, her father's God, was her great comrade in life's way.

Her purely Indian poems are distinguished by intense feeling, and a passionate idealism. Her treatment of these subjects is always sincere, the sentiment sane, even where the passion is the most primitive. Her sense of harmony turned her thoughts to many exquisite themes. For instance, what could be daintier in touch than this *Lullaby of the Iroquois*? Just the mother's song of the universal mother-heart. The *Rock-a-bye Baby* that all the mothers know, and all the babies so perfectly understand.

*The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.*

I HAVE purposely omitted the purely Indian poems because while they are undoubtedly the dominant note of Pauline Johnson's musical verse, she was a skilled craftswoman at making melody in many softer, sweeter themes.

In this last little poem the thought is exquisitely tender, just a fugitive fancy woven into song and pitched in a minor key.

It is composed of mystery and moonbeams, and that elusive essence which is the fragrance of the flower of all true poetic expression.

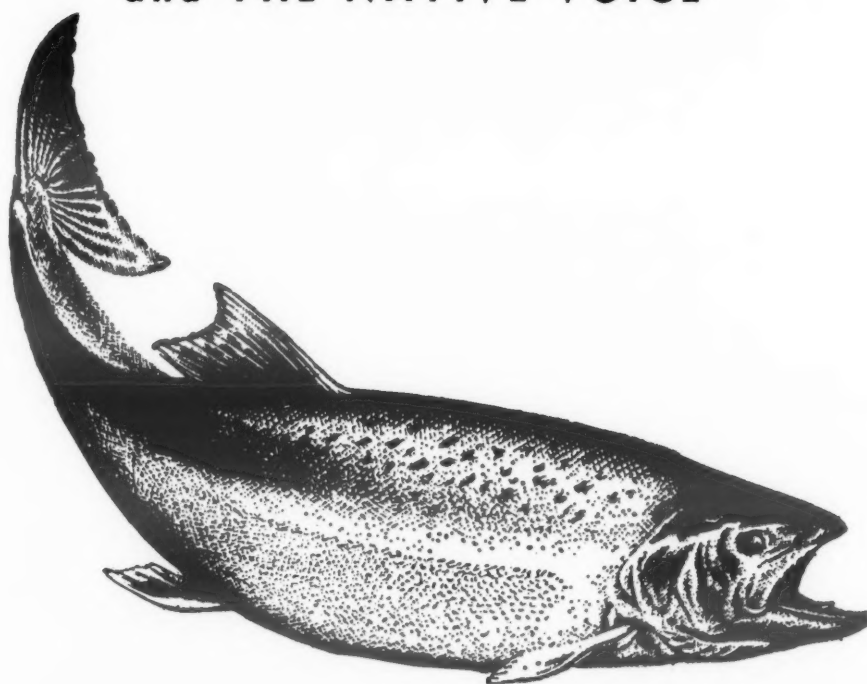
*O! soft responsive voices of the night
I join your minstrelsy,
And call across the fading silver light
As something calls to me;
I may not all your meaning understand,
But I have touched your soul in shadow-land.*

May I hope to have lighted a little lamp in remembrance of one who was poet and patriot; who fused the past and the present with loyalty and love for both; and who left the story of her people and of her soul as a rich legacy to Canadian literature.

GREETINGS . . . and GOOD WISHES

to the

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The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

—From "The Song My Paddle Sings"
by E. Pauline Johnson.

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